

NO. 4 FEB.

OUR FLAG

COMICS



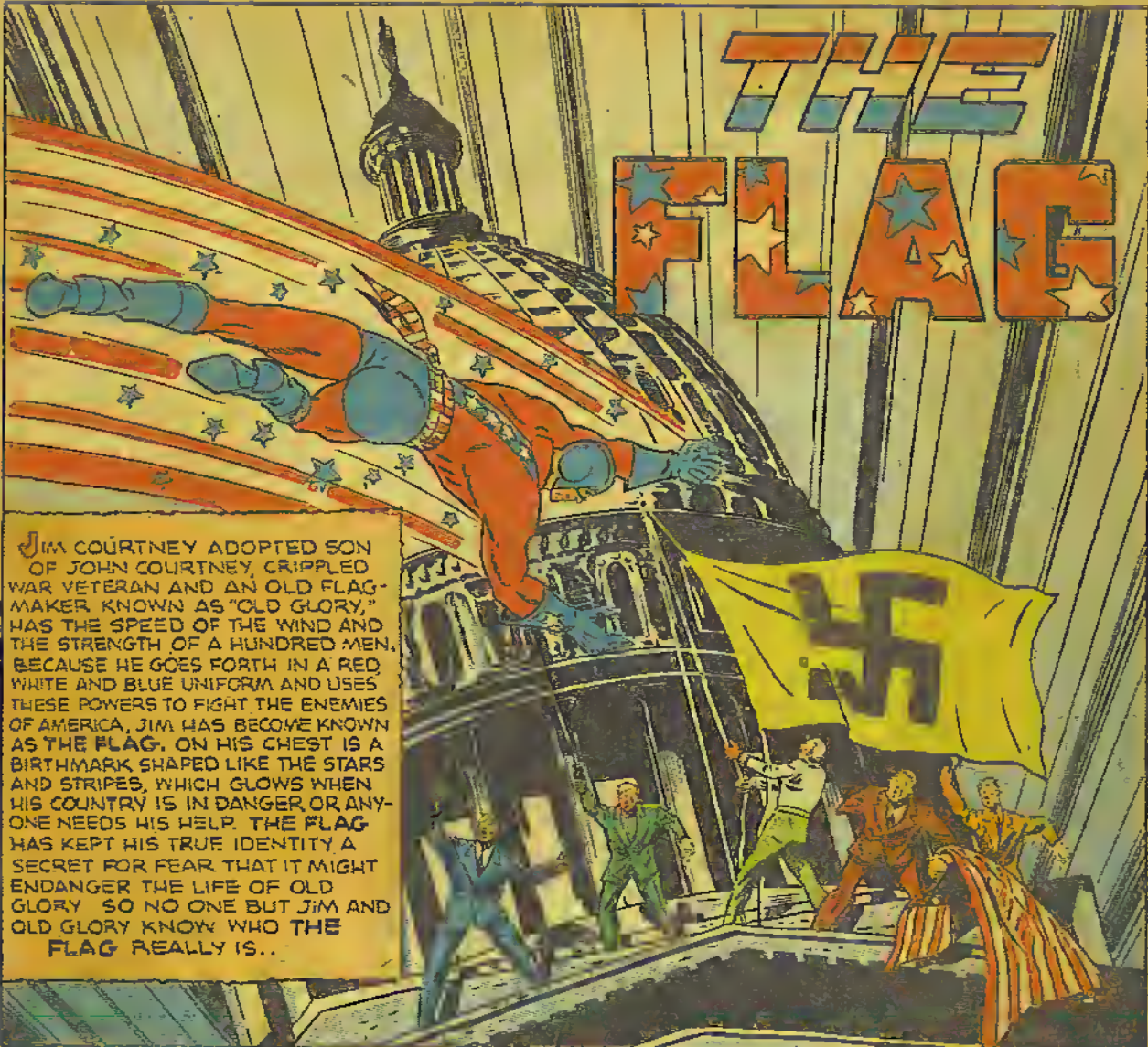
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WEB COMIC
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THE FLAG



JIM COURTNEY ADOPTED SON OF JOHN COURTNEY, CRIPPLED WAR VETERAN AND AN OLD FLAG-MAKER, KNOWN AS "OLD GLORY," HAS THE SPEED OF THE WIND AND THE STRENGTH OF A HUNDRED MEN. BECAUSE HE GOES FORTH IN A RED, WHITE AND BLUE UNIFORM AND USES THESE POWERS TO FIGHT THE ENEMIES OF AMERICA, JIM HAS BECOME KNOWN AS THE FLAG. ON HIS CHEST IS A BIRTHMARK SHAPED LIKE THE STARS AND STRIPES, WHICH GLOWS WHEN HIS COUNTRY IS IN DANGER OR ANYONE NEEDS HIS HELP. THE FLAG HAS KEPT HIS TRUE IDENTITY A SECRET FOR FEAR THAT IT MIGHT ENDANGER THE LIFE OF OLD GLORY. SO NO ONE BUT JIM AND OLD GLORY KNOW WHO THE FLAG REALLY IS...

IN A SMALL HOTEL IN WASHINGTON, D. C. ...

SEND THE MANAGER UP TO MY ROOM.

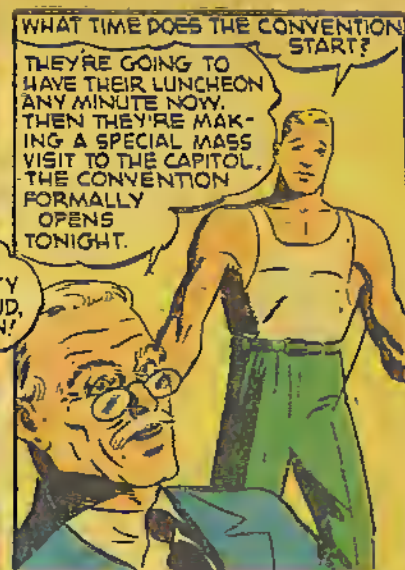
YOU SENT FOR ME, HERR GUHN?

YA, ARE ALL DER GOLD STAR MOTHERS ARRIVED FOR DER CONVENTION?

AND ARE YOU SURE THAT NONE OF DEM SUSPECT DER REASON DAT DEY WERE OFFERED FREE ACCOMMODATIONS AT THIS HOTEL?

NO, MEIN LEADER. NONE OF THE OLD FOOLS SUSPECT THAT THIS HOTEL IS OWNED AND OPERATED BY HEINRICH GUHN, LEADER OF THE FIRST NAZI-AMERICAN SOCIETY, AND THAT WE HAVE SPECIAL PLANS FOR THEM.



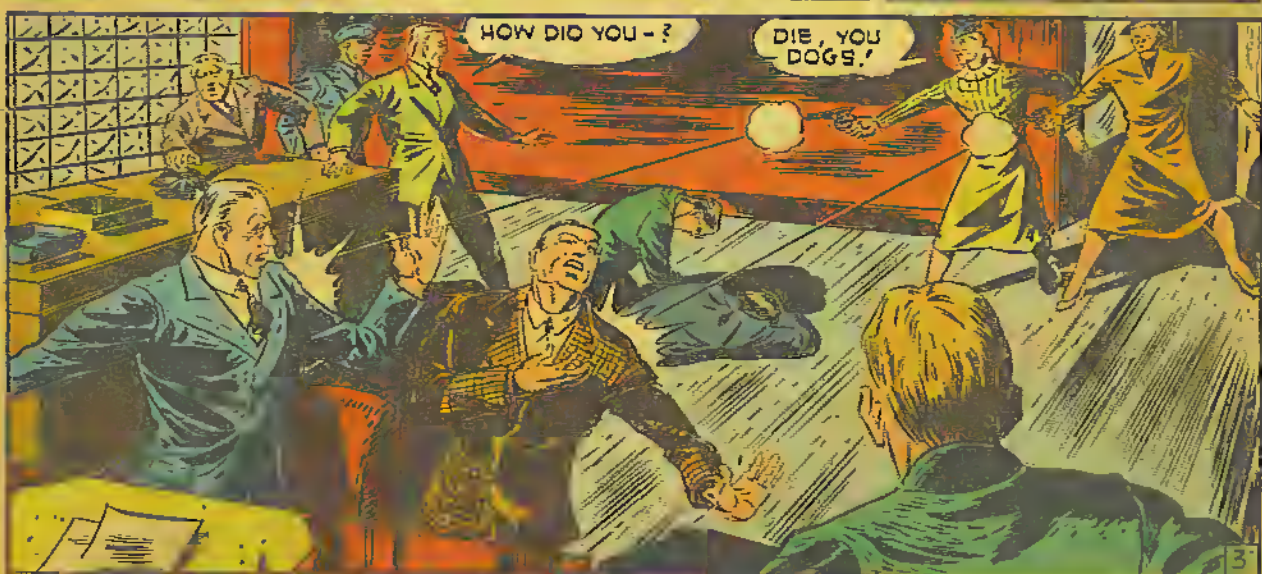


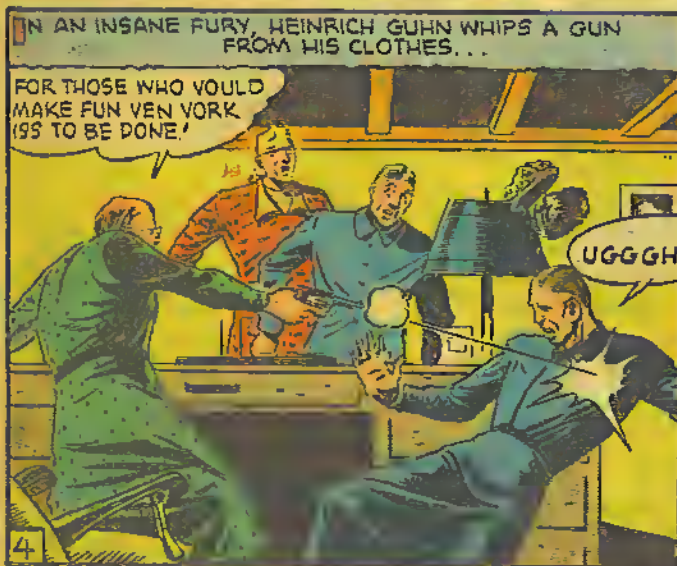
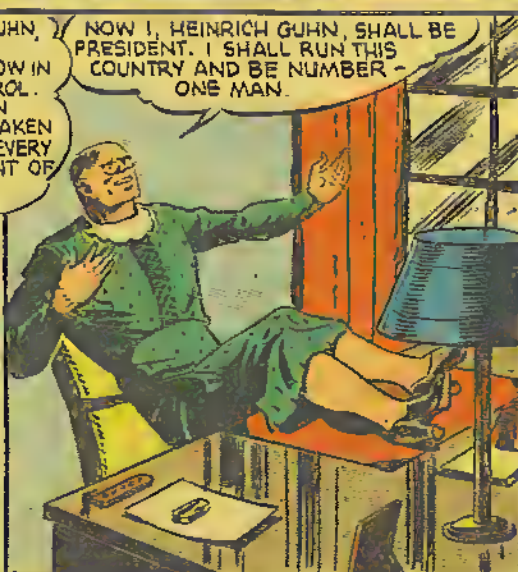
IN A PRIVATE DINING ROOM OF THE HOTEL A FEW MINUTES LATER...



AS THE SPEAKER CONTINUES, UNNOTICED BY THE HAPPY GOLD STAR MOTHERS, ODORLESS ALMOST INVISIBLE FUMES POUR FROM THE VENTILATORS OF THE ROOM...







IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY...

THE CAPITAL CITY SURE IS PRETTY, ISN'T IT, JIM?

I'LL SAY, LOOK THERE'S THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.



OLD GLORY! SOMETHING'S HAPPENED! I'VE THE STRANGEST FEELING THAT SOME WOMAN IS CALLING ME FOR HELP! IS MY BIRTHMARK GLOWING?



IT IS, SON. SOMEONE'S IN SERIOUS TROUBLE.

THE CAB DRIVER, ISN'T LOOKING OLD GLORY. I'M GOING BACK TO WHERE THAT SIGNAL IS COMING FROM.



HAVE HIM HEAD BACK TO THE HOTEL. I'LL SEE YOU THERE.

ALL RIGHT, SON.



HEY! WHAT WAS THAT? WHERE DID THAT OTHER GUY GO?

I DIDN'T SEE ANYTHING. AND THERE'S BEEN NO ONE IN THIS CAB BUT ME, SIR. I HOPE YOU HAVEN'T BEEN DRINKING.



NO ONE THERE - GULP - BUT YOU...

I - I'D BETTER SEE A DOC WHEN I GO HOME TONIGHT. VERY STRANGE... VERY STRANGE!

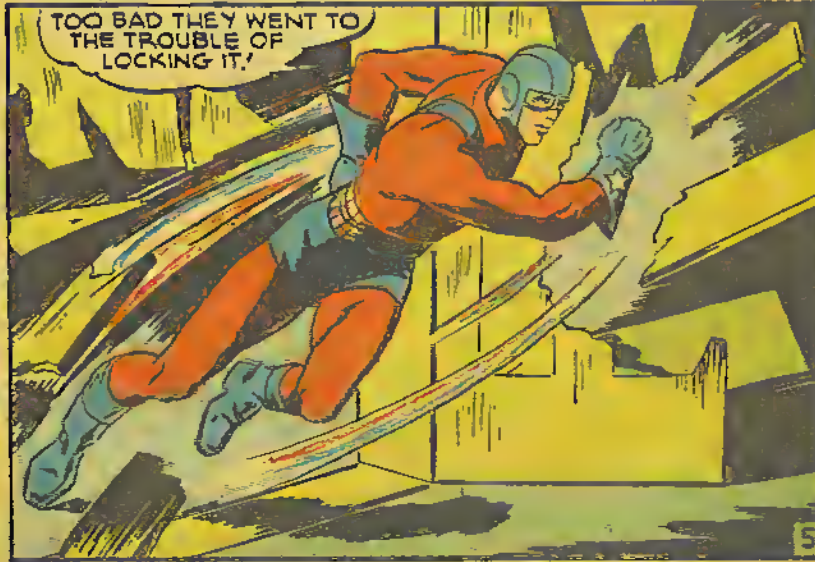


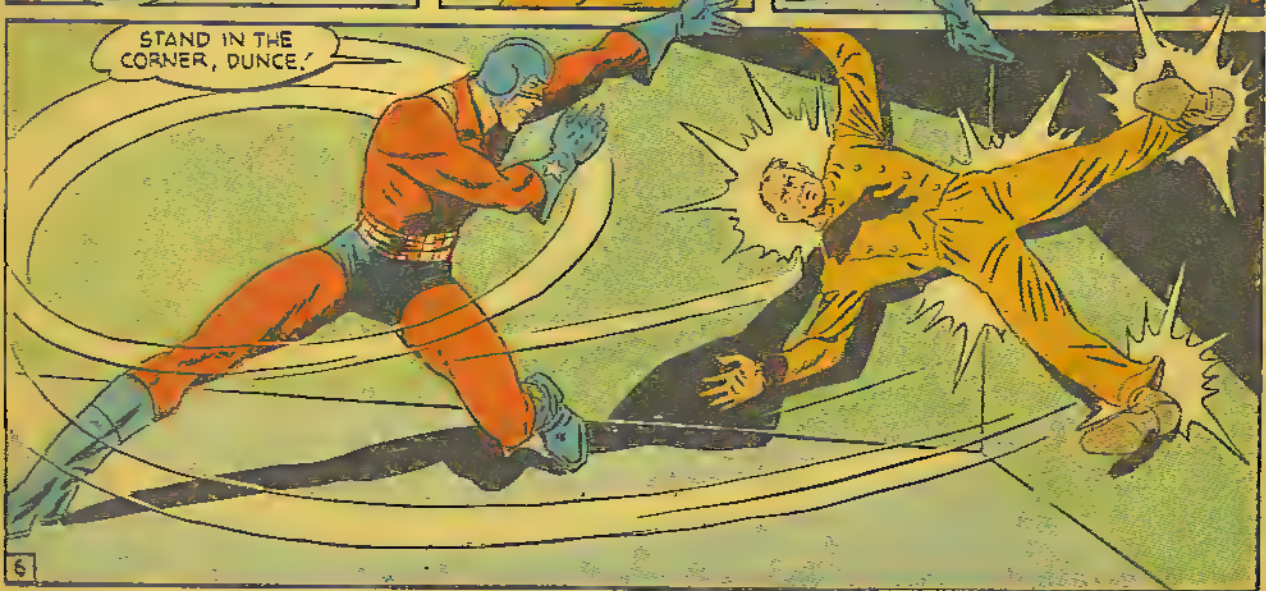
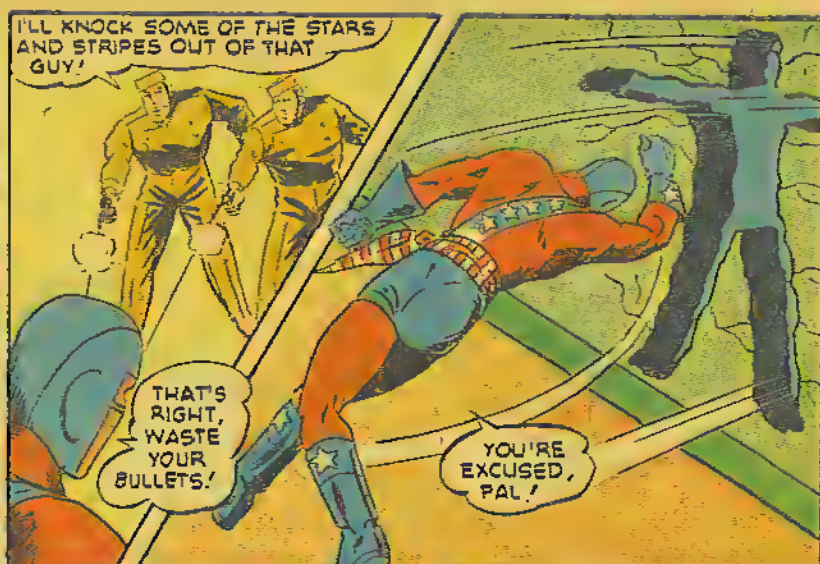
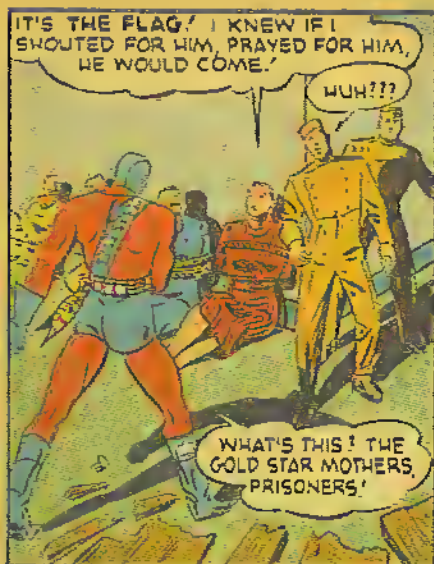
AT THAT MOMENT THE FLAG ENTERS THE HOTEL AND...

I CAN FEEL THE FLAG ON MY CHEST GLOWING BRIGHTER NOW. MAYBE THE TROUBLE IS IN THIS ROOM.



TOO BAD THEY WENT TO THE TROUBLE OF LOCKING IT!









DON'T YOU HAVE ANY PITY, EVEN FOR A POOR, OLD DELUDED LADY, RAT?

PUT ME DOWN BEFORE I - HEY, BOYS, GUN THIS NERVY GUY!



LUCKY FOR THAT POOR WOMAN YOU AREN'T HER SON - A SNAKE LIKE YOU!

HEY! WHY DOESN'T HE FALL?



IF BULLETS WON'T BRING THAT GUY DOWN I'M NOT BOTHERING WITH HIM!

COME BACK! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU!



NOTHING DOING - HEY!

STICK AROUND, I SAID.



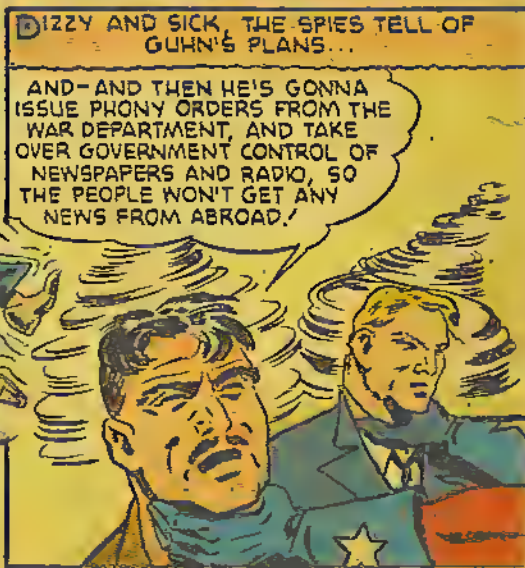
I CAN'T WASTE ANY TIME WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH THIS TRICK, I WANT YOU BOTH TO SPILL WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT OR WE'LL HAVE A REPEAT PERFORMANCE.

STOP IT!



EEYOW! I'M GETTIN' SICK. STOP AND I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY!

ME - AWWWWK - TOO!



DIZZY AND SICK, THE SPIES TELL OF GUHN'S PLANS...

AND-AND THEN HE'S GONNA ISSUE PHONY ORDERS FROM THE WAR DEPARTMENT, AND TAKE OVER GOVERNMENT CONTROL OF NEWSPAPERS AND RADIO, SO THE PEOPLE WON'T GET ANY NEWS FROM ABROAD!

THANKS FOR THE INFORMATION!
NOW STAND THERE NICE AND
STILL AND I'LL GET RID OF
THAT DIZZINESS FOR YOU...

T-THANKS!



...AND GIVE YOU DARKNESS INSTEAD.



I'LL HAVE TO LEAVE YOU TO
FREE THE OTHERS AND CALL
THE POLICE, MRS. SMITH.
IF WHAT THOSE RATS SAID
IS TRUE, I'VE GOT TO
HOP RIGHT OVER TO THE
PRESIDENT'S OFFICE.

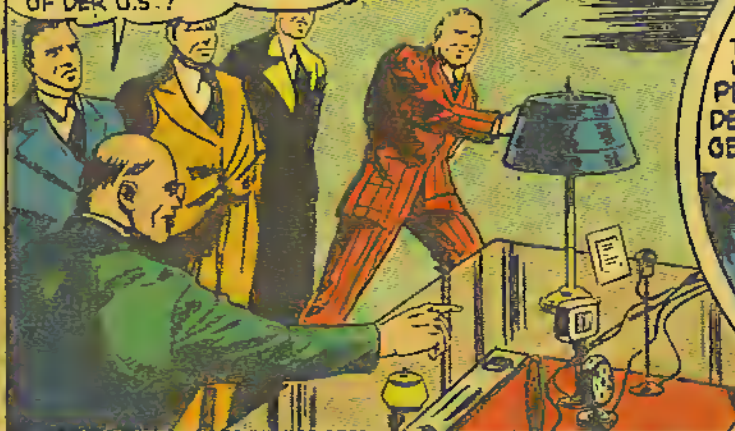
I'LL TAKE CARE
OF EVERYTHING!



AT THIS MOMENT, IN THE NOW NAZI- CONTROLLED OFFICES...

YOU USED TO BE A STAR IMPERSON-
ATOR IN DER BEER HALLS OF BERLIN,
FRITZ. NOW GET TO DER MIKES AND
IMPERSONATE DER PRESIDENT
OF DER U.S.!

VERY SIMPLE...
WATCH ME FOOL
THE PEOPLE!



THEN
PERFECTLY COPYING
THE PRESIDENT'S VOICE,
GUHN'S HENCHMAN BROAD-
CASTS ON A SPECIALLY COMMAND-
ED NATION-WIDE HOOKUP...

MY FRIENDS, I NOW BRING YOU
THE NEWS YOU HAVE BEEN
WAITING TO HEAR.
PEACE HAS BEEN
DECLARED BETWEEN
GERMANY AND
ENGLAND!

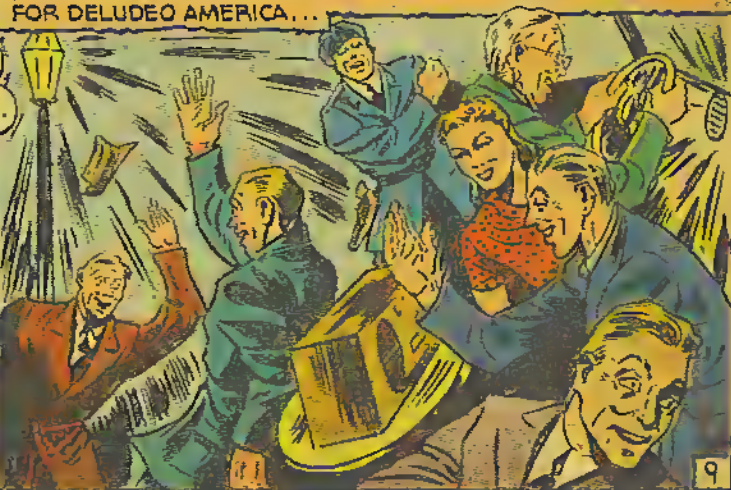


IN MILLIONS OF HOMES THE FALSE SPEECH
IS RECEIVED WITH WILD JOY...

AND SO ALL
DEFENSE PRODUCTION WILL HALT. ALL
DRAFTED MEN WILL BE RELEASED FROM
SERVICE. THERE IS NO LONGER ANY NEED
FOR SUCH PREPARA-
TIONS, AND...



ON STREET CORNERS, IN CITIES AND HAMLETS, IN POOL-
ROOMS, LIMOUSINES, BOARDING HOUSES - EVERYWHERE -
THE FALSE PEACE ANNOUNCEMENT CREATES A SENSATION
FOR DELUDEO AMERICA...



HEINRICH GUHN AND HIS NAZI-AMERICAN SOCIETY
LOSE NO TIME IN TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THEIR
SET-UP AT ARMY FORTS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY...



THIS ARMY
LIFE WAS SWELL,
BUT I'LL BE
GLAD TO GET
BACK TO MY
FOLKS AND
MY JOB.

YEP, THIS IS THE BIG
EXIT. OVER TEN THOUSAND
OF US GUYS HAVE
LEFT HERE AL-
READY TONIGHT.

AND AS SOON AS THE FORTS ARE CLEARED,
GUHN'S MEN MOVE IN...



OKAY, MEN. GO ON IN
AND TAKE OVER. ALL
THAT SWELL EQUIPMENT
IS WAITING RIGHT THERE
FOR US TO USE.

MEANWHILE, BACK IN
WASHINGTON...

AND AS SOON AS DER U.S. NAVY
SHIPS ARE EMPTIED OF AMERICAN
SEAMEN, AS PER MEIN ORDERS,
HAVE OUR MEN TAKE COM-
MAND AND
HEAD TO
SEA!



BACK AT THE HOTEL.....

IT WAS NICE OF YOU,
LADY, TO TELL THE
COPS I WAS HELPING
YOU AGAINST THE
OTHER GUYS, AND
KEEP ME
FREE.

I HAD TO DO
IT, RALPH.
YOU MUST
HAVE LOST
YOUR MEMORY
OR SOMETHING,
AND IF I -



SOME OTHER TIME,
OLD DAME. THIS WAS
JUST THE BREAK
I NEEDED!

OOH!
RALPH!

RALPH! HOW CAN YOU GO
BACK TO THOSE SPIES? YOU
FOUGHT FOR THIS COUNTRY.
YOU WERE BORN HERE! SON,
COME BACK!

GET A
SOAPBOX,
LADY!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

YEAH, HERR GUHN, AND I THINK
THAT FLAG GUY IS HEADING FOR YOUR
OFFICE NOW.

COME RIGHT UP HERE AND
TELL ME DER WHOLE THING,
YOU BUNGLING FOOL!
WE'LL TAKE CARE OF
DER FLAG!



AS THE FLAG ARRIVES
AT THE CAPITOL...

LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING
SPECIAL IS GOING ON,
ALL RIGHT. LOOK AT
THAT MOB TRYING
TO GET IN!



BUT WE'VE GOT TO
HAVE AN INTERVIEW
WITH THE PRESIDENT.
THIS IS THE BIGGEST
NEWS SINCE THE
FIRST WORLD WAR
ARMISTICE!

BACK! NO ONE
IS TO BE ADMIT-
TED INSIDE THE
BUILDING UNTIL
FURTHER NOTICE



LISTEN, EVERYBODY! YOU'RE
BEING FOOLED. THAT PEACE
ANNOUNCEMENT WAS A
HOAX. NAZI AGENTS HAVE
TAKEN OVER THE CAPITOL,
AND...



BOLOGNA! BACK TO THE
NUTHOUSE, BROTHER!

YOU'VE BEEN
HAVING NIGHT-
MARES, BROTHER!

THROW
THE BUM
OUT!



HEY! WHO IS
THAT
GUY?

IF YOU WON'T BELIEVE ME
I'LL SHOW YOU!



COME BACK!
YOU'RE NOT ALLOW-
ED TO...

HERE HE COMES.
WE'LL STOP HIM
RIGHT HERE AND
NOW!

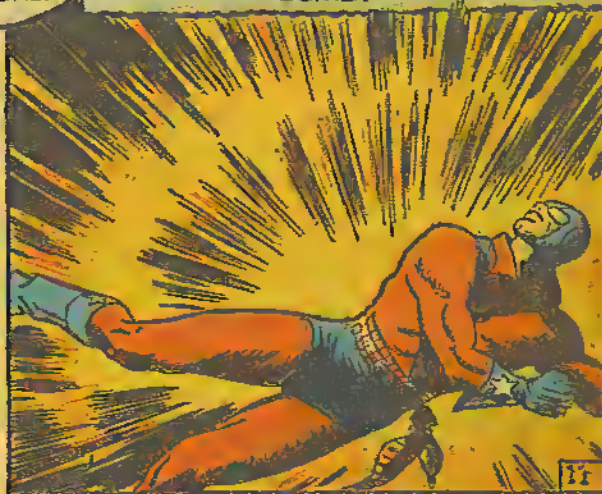


THAT FLAG
WON'T WAVE
ANYMORE!

THAT SPECIAL
HIGH COMPRES-
SION BOMB
WILL BLOW HIM
TO SMITHER-
EENS!



CAUGHT UNAWARES THE FLAG RE-
CEIVES THE FULL FORCE OF THE
BOMB!



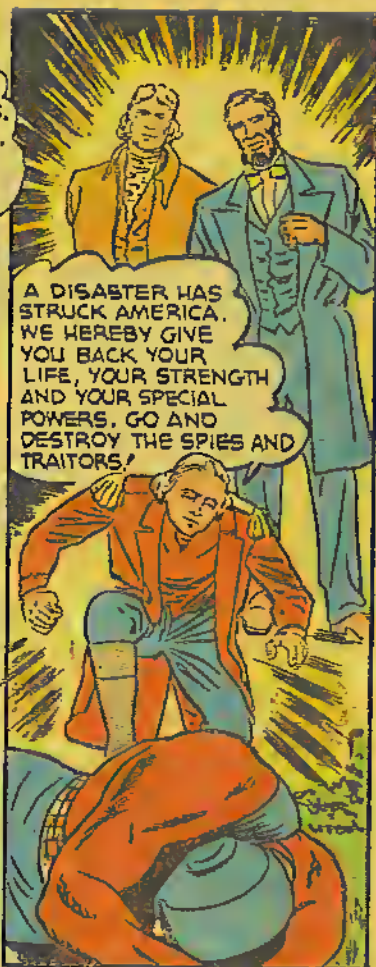
LEFT FOR DEAD WHERE HE WAS FALLEN UNDER SHRUBBERY, THE FLAG LIES FOR TWO DAYS IN A COMA, SCARCELY BREATHING...

SUDDENLY A VISION APPEARS OVER HIS UNCONSCIOUS FIGURE...

THIS COUNTRY NEEDS THE SERVICE OF THE FLAG. ARISE!

OUR ARMY AND NAVY ARE IN ENEMY HANDS. AMERICAN GUNS AND EQUIPMENT ARE BEING TURNED ON AMERICAN MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

A DISASTER HAS STRUCK AMERICA. WE HEREBY GIVE YOU BACK YOUR LIFE, YOUR STRENGTH AND YOUR SPECIAL POWERS. GO AND DESTROY THE SPIES AND TRAITORS!



THE VISION VANISHES AND A FEW MINUTES LATER...

I FEEL AS THOUGH I'D BEEN ASLEEP - AND THAT DREAM - NOW I REMEMBER. GUHN - THE CAPITAL CAPTURED - GOT TO GET BUSY!



THERE GOES THE FLAG. MAYBE HE CAN SAVE OUR COUNTRY!

I FEAR IT IS TOO LATE!

WHILE IN TOWNS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY, SCENES SIMILAR TO THIS ARE BEING ENACTED:



WHAT I'M ENJOYING ABOUT THIS IS THAT WE'RE USING THEIR OWN WEAPONS TO CAPTURE THESE AMERICAN TOWNS. YEAH, WE'LL PRETTY SOON HAVE THE WHOLE COUNTRY TAKEN OVER!



SUDDENLY, A BAND OF VOLUNTEER AMERICANS BREAKS THROUGH THE CROWD, FOOLISHLY, BUT VALIANTLY ATTACKS THE ARMED FORCES OF THE ENEMY...



THEY'VE GOT ALL OUR ARMS AND EQUIPMENT, BUT THEY CAN'T TAKE OUR COURAGE! CHARGE!

DER ATTACK ISS TOO SUDDEN, TOO VICIOUS. WE MUST FALL BACK AND DEN STAND DEM OFF!



BUT AS THE NAZIS RETREAT TO COVER AND THEN OPEN FIRE, THE SMALL BAND OF VOLUNTEERS ARE SLAUGHTERED.



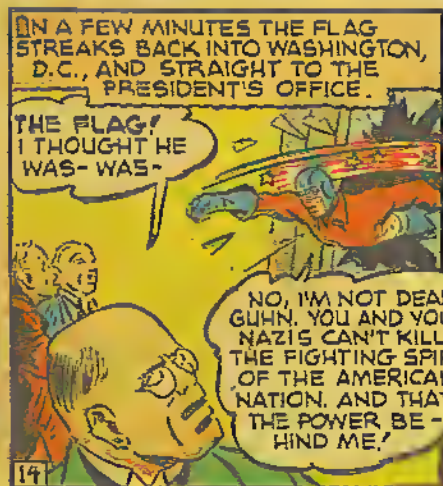
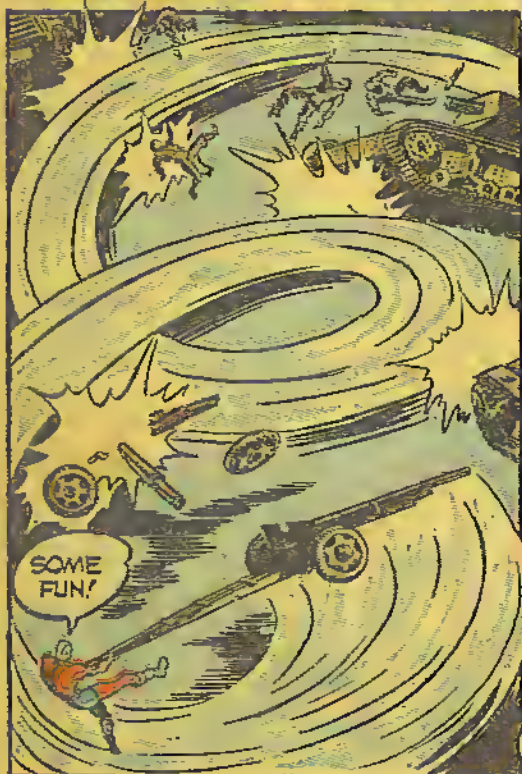
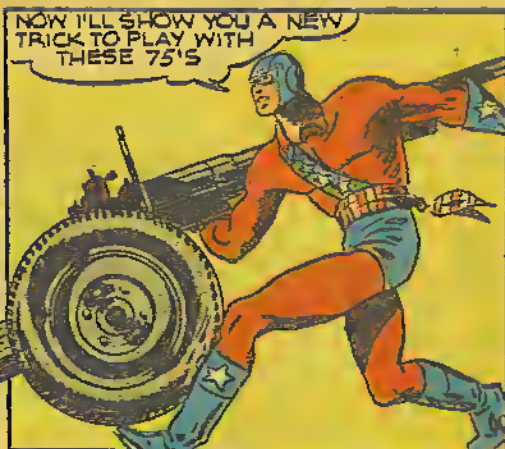
LOOK! TH - THE FLAG! UNDER COVER! RUN!

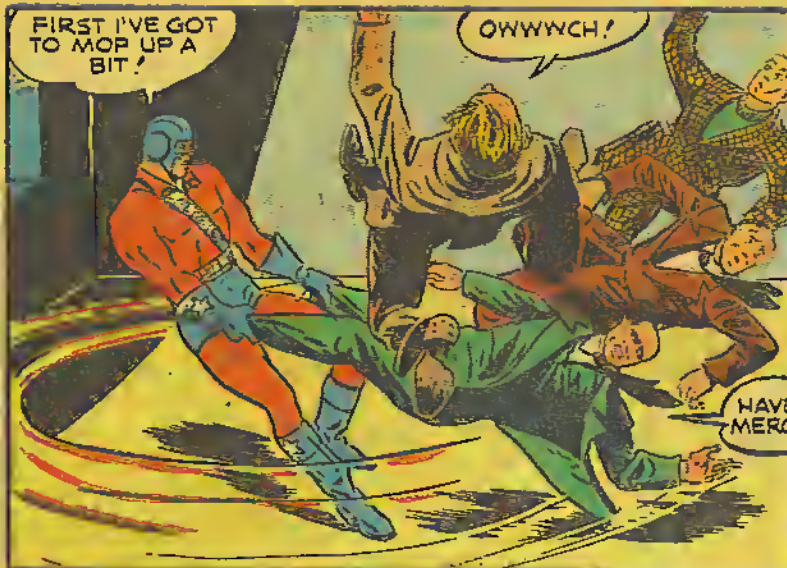


COME OUT, COME OUT, WHEREVER YOU ARE!



HALLUP!!





FIRST I'VE GOT TO MOP UP A BIT!

OWWWNCH!

HAVE MERCY!!



ALL RIGHT, I'LL LET ONE OF YOUR OWN MEN PUT YOU OUT OF YOUR MISERY.

I - I'VE SHOT THE LEADER BY MISTAKE!



I THOUGHT I TOOK CARE OF YOU ONCE BEFORE. THIS TIME I'LL MAKE SURE!

BUT INSTEAD OF BEING KNOCKED OUT, THE SCAR-FACED MAN UNDERGOES AN AMAZING CHANGE.

HEY, WHAT IS THIS? WHAT'S GOING ON? WHERE AM I? IS - IS THE WORLD WAR OVER?



ONE QUESTION AT A TIME. IT BEGINS TO LOOK LIKE MRS SMITH WAS RIGHT. YOU ARE HER SON, RALPH. YOU MUST HAVE BEEN HURT IN THE WORLD WAR AND LOST YOUR MEMORY.

I - I DON'T UNDERSTAND.



SWIFTLY, THE FLAG EXPLAINS ALL TO THE NOW AWAKENED, BUT BEWILDERED MAN...

AND I WAS ONE OF THOSE RATS! AND - AND MY POOR OLD MOTHER! HOW CAN I MAKE UP FOR ALL THAT, FLAG?



YOU'RE GOING TO TELL THE REST OF THIS GANG THAT YOU AND I HAVE COMBINED AND ARE TAKING OVER, THAT THAT IS ALL I WAS AFTER. YOU'RE GOING TO BE THE BOSS NOW THAT GUHN IS DEAD!

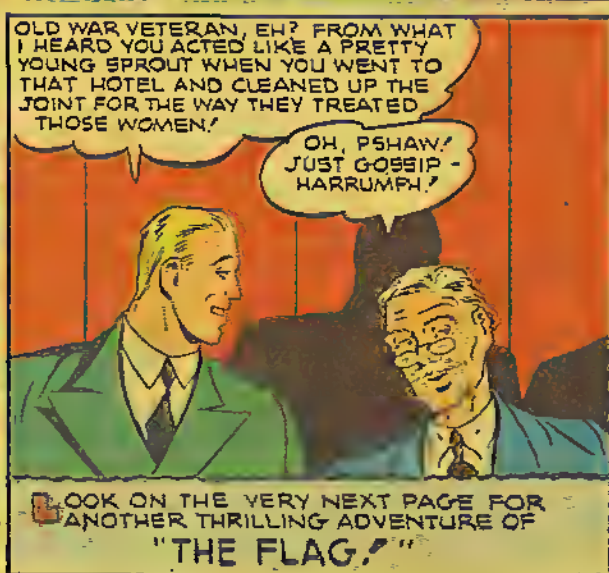
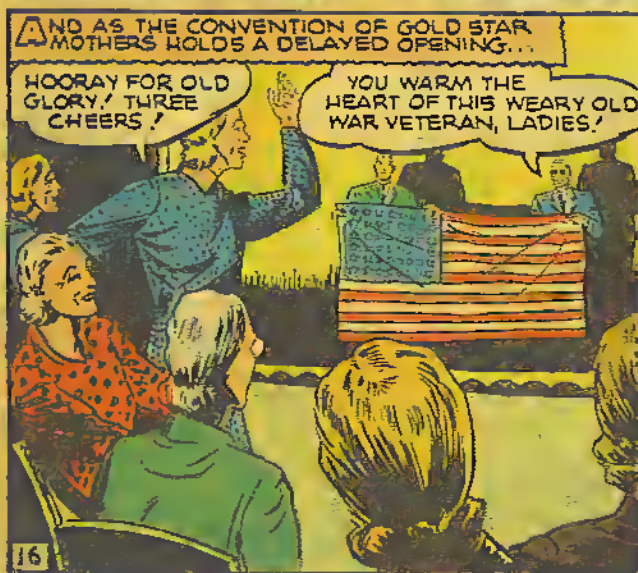
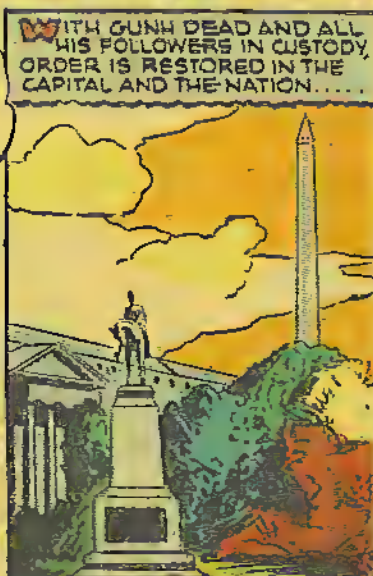
I THINK I GET IT NOW!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

-AND I HEREBY ORDER ALL OUR FORCES TO COME TO SOUTH PLAINS, VIRGINIA, FOR A GIANT RALLY AND TO MEET YOUR NEW LEADERS IN PERSON!

THAT'LL DO THE TRICK!

BY HELPING ME.





BORN WITH A CHEST BIRTH-MARK RESEMBLING THE AMERICAN FLAG, JIM COURTNEY, ADOPTED SON OF JOHN COURTNEY, AN OLD FLAG-MAKER AND WAR VETERAN KNOWN AS "OLD GLORY," HAS BEEN ENDOWED BY THE IMMORTALS OF U.S. HISTORY WITH THE STRENGTH OF A HUNDRED MEN AND THE SPEED OF THE WIND. WHEN TRAITORS SEEK TO DESTROY OUR COUNTRY, JIM DONS THE SPECIAL PATRIOTIC UNIFORM MADE FOR HIM BY "OLD GLORY" AND GOES FORTH AS THAT HARD-HITTING, PATRIOTIC AVENGER, TO CRUSH AND DESTROY THEM!

THE FLAG

EARLY ON ELECTION DAY MORNING.

I THINK IT'S SWELL THAT YOU'RE GOING TO WORK AT THE POLLS THIS YEAR, OLD GLORY.

YES, JIM, THIS IS ONE DAY EVERYONE IS GLAD HE'S AN AMERICAN!



I HOPE TO LORDY, THAT FELLOW, KRAGG, DOESN'T GET IN, JIM. HE'S A BIG-TIME FIFTH COLUMNIST IF THERE EVER WAS ONE.

THE PEOPLE WON'T PUT A MAN LIKE THAT IN THE GOVERNOR'S SEAT!

ELECT
KRAGG
FOR
GOVERNOR



POLLS

SO LONG.

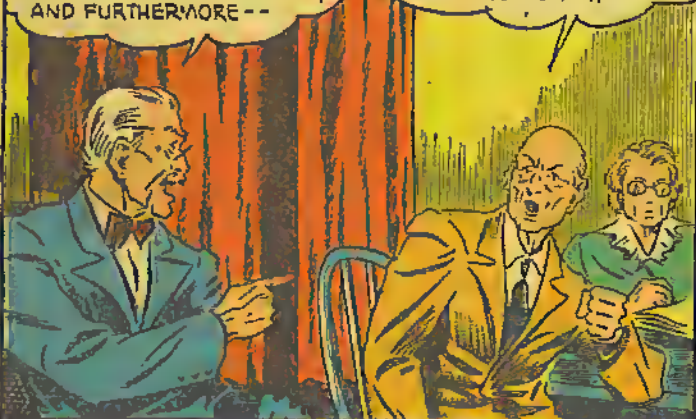
SEE YOU LATER!



JUST BEFORE THE POLLS OPEN, OLD GLORY IS AT HIS POST GUARDING THE VOTING BOOTH.

WHY, YOU OLD FOSSIL, THAT GUY WON'T HAVE A CHANCE! OUR PARTY'S GOING TO HAVE THE NEXT GOVERNOR, AND FURTHERMORE --

I TELL YOU, YOU OLD GOAT, WHEN THE RETURNS COME IN OUR CANDIDATE WILL HAVE A HALF A MILLION MAJORITY!



HEY, OLD TIMERS, CUT OUT THE NOISE THE POLLS ARE ABOUT TO OPEN. LET THE PEOPLE DECIDE YOUR ARGUMENT!



HALF AN HOUR LATER, AT AN ELECTORATE-TESTING BOUNDARY LINE NEARBY.

SORRY, BUDDY, YOU'RE INSIDE THE BOUNDARY LINE. YOU'LL HAVE TO MOVE ALONG.

BUT OFFICER--



KRAGG'S MEN ARE VIOLATING THE BOUNDARY RULES ALL THE TIME. WE HAVE TO DO THE SAME OR --

THEY DO, DO THEY-- I'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM!

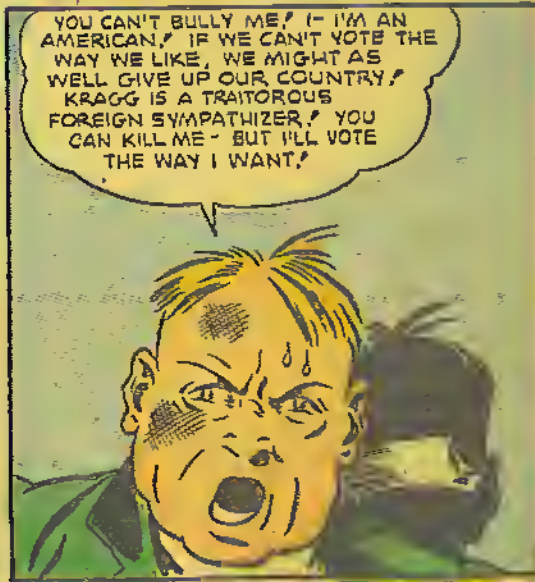


YOU GUYS OBSERVE THE BOUNDARY RULES OR I'LL RUN YOU IN!

A WISE FLATFOOT, EH! I OUGHT TO --

CUT THAT, SLUG! DO AS WE SAY. I GOT AN IDEA!

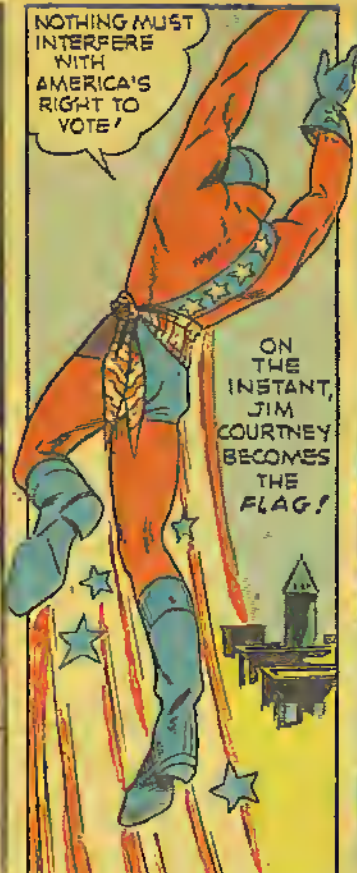




OH, OH - MY BIRTHMARK IS
GLOWING. I'M NEEDED -
TROUBLE DOWN AT THE
POLLS.



NOTHING MUST
INTERFERE
WITH
AMERICA'S
RIGHT TO
VOTE!



ON
THE
INSTANT,
JIM
COURTNEY
BECOMES
THE
FLAG!



I'LL SAY
THERE'S
TROUBLE!



WHAT'S GOING ON HERE!
WHY IS EVERYONE FIGHT-
ING IN THE STREET
INSTEAD OF VOTING!

IT'S THE **FLAG!**
HE'LL SHOW
THESE BIRDS!



KRAGG'S MEN STARTED IT,
MR. FLAG! THEY WON'T
LET ANYONE VOTE FOR
ANY CANDIDATE BUT
KRAGG. THEY'RE
BULLYING AND BEATING-
UP VOTERS!

THEY
ARE,
EH?



WE'LL SEE HOW **THEY**
LIKE A LITTLE
VIOLENCE!

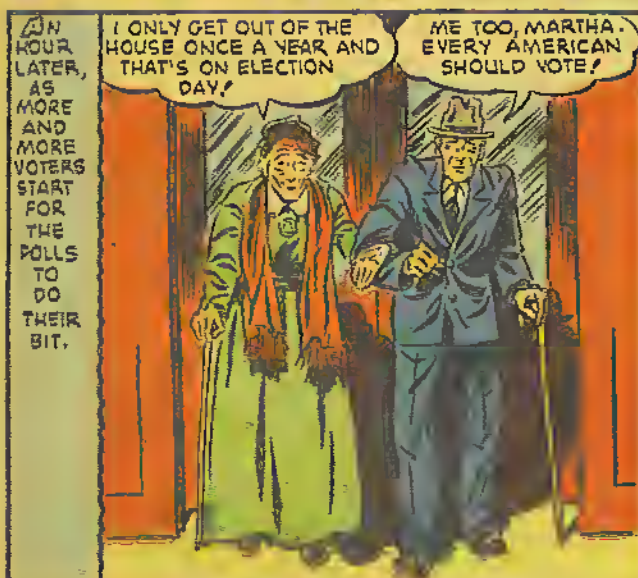
STAND BACK
THERE, YOU
FLAG WEAVER,
OR --



ULK! OR WHAT?







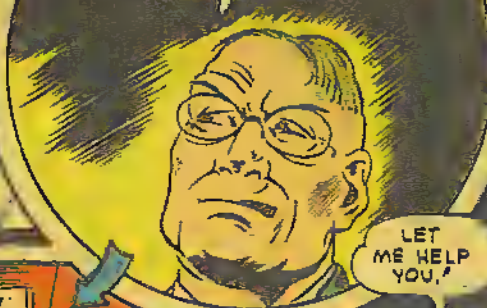
THE ROAR
OF MOTORS
INCREASES,
THE
SOUND OF
EXPLODING
BOMBS
THUNDERS
THROUGH
THE
CITY AS
THE
VERY
SKY SEEMS
TO FILL
WITH
BOMBING
PLANES!



AH! IT SEEMS OUR GIANT MOVING
PICTURES OF AN AIR RAID AND
OUR SOUND EFFECT TRUCKS ARE
BRINGING THEIR RESULTS. THE
PEOPLE ARE SCREAMING AND
RUNNING FOR SHELTER!



LOOK AT THEM
RUNNING THROUGH
THE STREETS IN PANIC.
SOON THEY'LL ALL BE DOWN
IN THE SUBWAYS FOR
SHELTER - THEN --



LET
ME HELP
YOU!

WHILE IN A CAREFULLY CAMOUFLAGED TOP STORY
OF A BUILDING IN THE CITY...

THIS IDEA
OF THE BOSS'
IS A HONEY.
IF I DIDN'T
KNOW BETTER
I'D THINK
THEY WAS REAL
PLANES MY-
SELF INSTEAD
OF MOVING
PICTURES!

YEAH, AND
WITH SOUND
EFFECTS!



I WOULDN'T
MIND THIS SO
MUCH IF ONLY
IT WASN'T
ELECTION
DAY!

MAYBE
AFTER
IT'S OVER
THERE'LL
STILL BE
TIME!

SUBWAY

EASY, FOLKS, DON'T
RUSH - KEEP YOUR
HEADS NOW!



CAUGHT ON THEIR WAY TO THE POLLS, NOT KNOWING THE AIR RAID IS A FAKE, THOUSANDS OF VOTERS POUR INTO THE SUBWAYS FOR SHELTER.

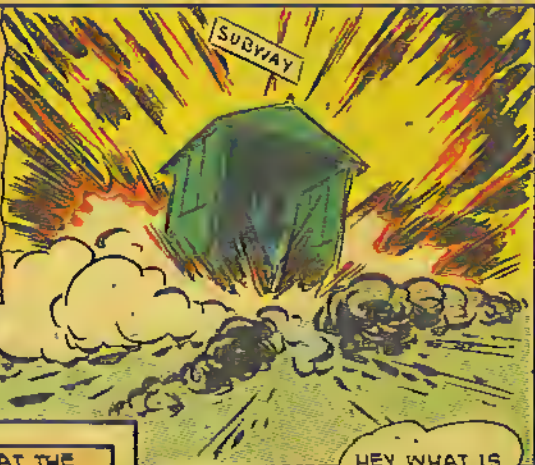


THERE MUST BE FIVE THOUSAND PEOPLE CRAMPED INTO THAT STATION ALREADY.

YEAH? SWELL, I'VE GOT THE BOMBS READY!



THE BOMBS EXPLODE, THE BLAST COMPLETELY BLOCKS ALL EXITS FROM THE SUBWAY STATION.



THESE BOMBS WILL SEAL THOSE PEOPLE IN THERE LIKE THEY WAS SARDINES!



WHILE BACK AT THE POLLS, THE FLAG-FINISHED CLEANING UP ON KRAGG'S THUGS, TURNS HIS ATTENTION TO THE FAKE AIR RAID.



THAT AIR RAID MUST BE STOPPED!

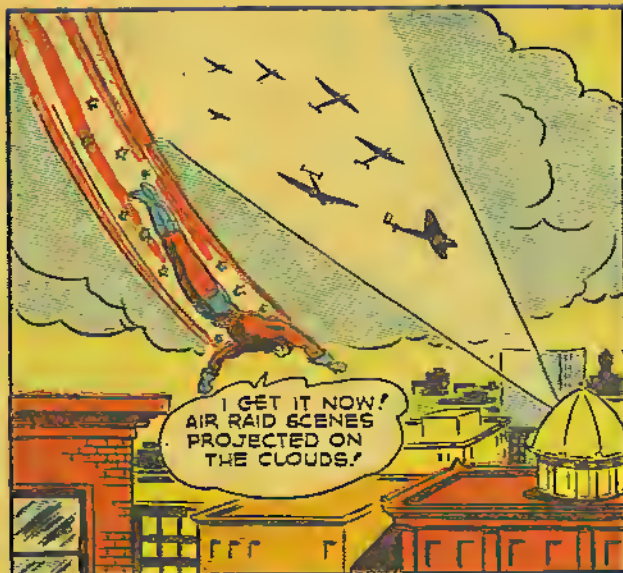
A BOMB HAS HIT THE ENTRANCE!

WE'RE BLOCKED IN - WE'LL SUFFOCATE!

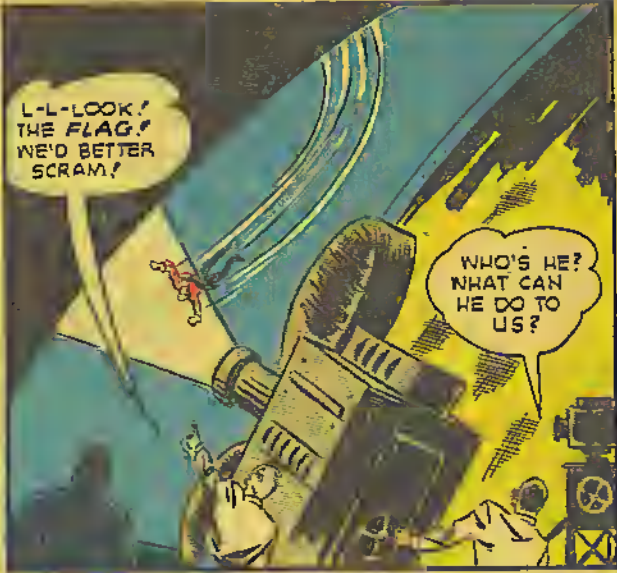


HEY WHAT IS THIS? NO PLANES! NOTHING BUT CLOUDS!



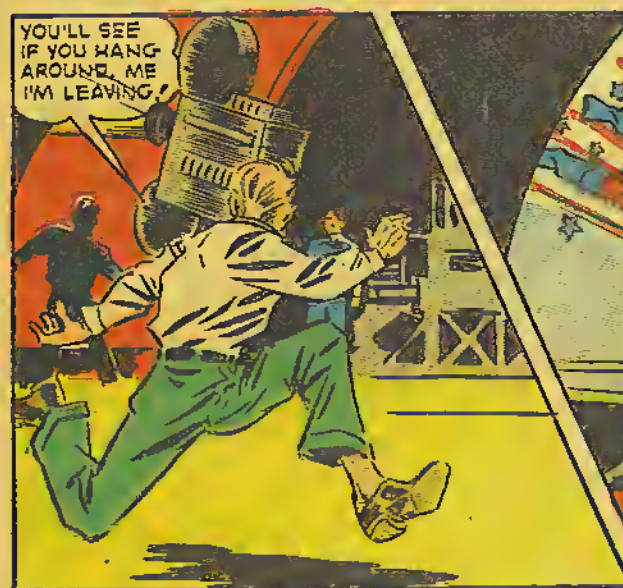


I GET IT NOW!
AIR RAID SCENES
PROJECTED ON
THE CLOUDS!

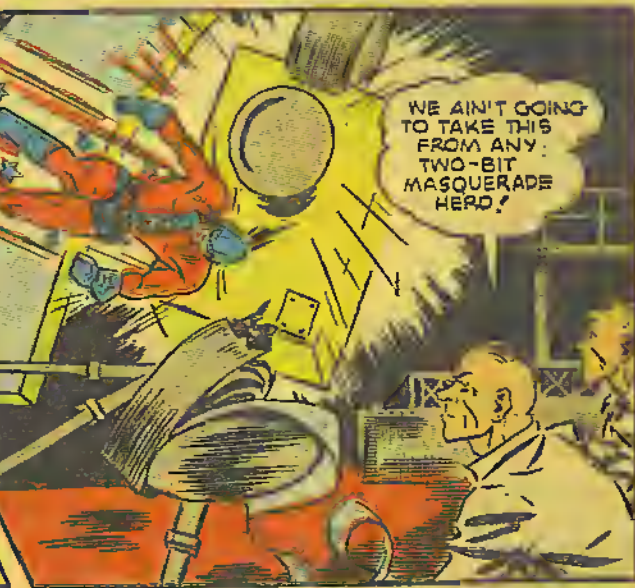


L-L-LOOK!
THE FLAG!
WE'D BETTER
SCRAM!

WHO'S HE?
WHAT CAN
HE DO TO
US?



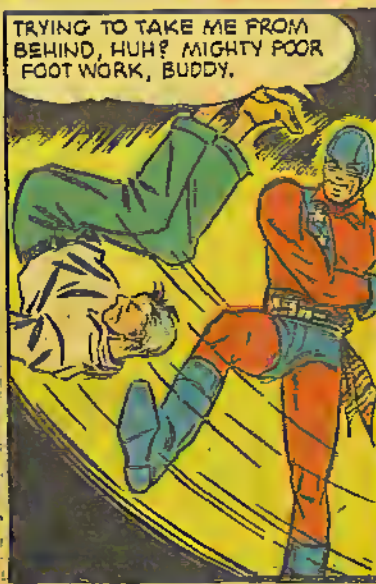
YOU'LL SEE
IF YOU HANG
AROUND, ME
I'M LEAVING!



WE AIN'T GOING
TO TAKE THIS
FROM ANY
TWO-BIT
MASQUERADE
HERO!



THIS TRICK MAY HAVE BEEN MEANT
FOR A JOKE- BUT IT ISN'T FUNNY
WHEN IT PUTS A WHOLE CITY
IN A PANIC!



TRYING TO TAKE ME FROM
BEHIND, HUH? MIGHTY POOR
FOOT WORK, BUDDY.



I'LL JUST IGNITE THE END
OF THIS FILM, AND...

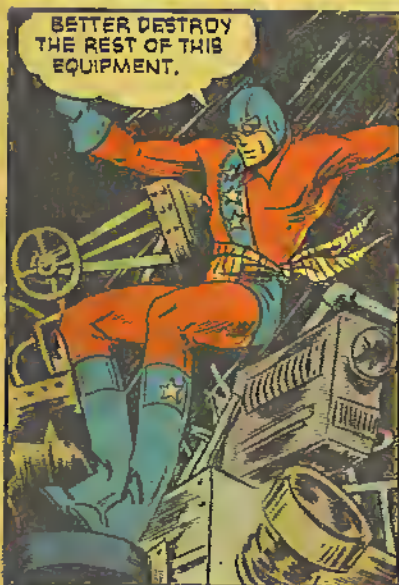


HERE'S A RIBBON
FOR YOUR HAIR,
BOYS!



WOW!
OUCH!

LET ME
OUT'A
HERE!



BETTER DESTROY
THE REST OF THIS
EQUIPMENT.



MAYBE
ADOLPH
IS WRONG—
WITH GUYS
LIKE THE
FLAG
AROUND
AMERICA
IS TOO
TOUGH!



NO ONE IN THE STREETS.
THEY SHOULD BE GLAD
TO HEAR THE RAID
WAS A FAKE!



HOLD IT! THERE
GOES THAT PEST,
THE FLAG!

SWELL, THIS
BOMB WILL
TRAP HIM
INSIDE TOO!
MAYBE KRAAG
WILL PROMOTE
US!

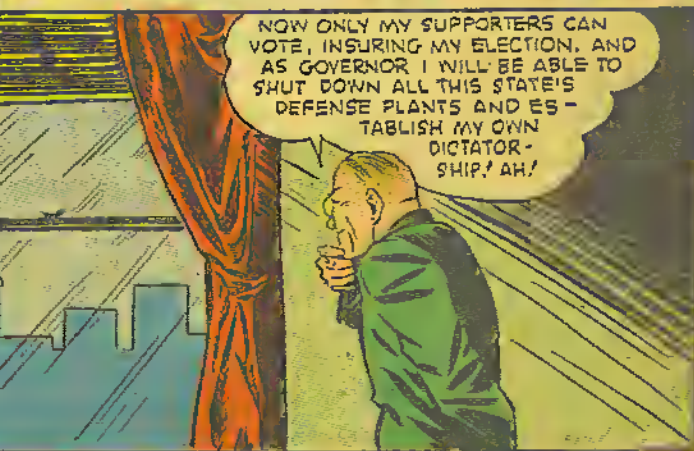
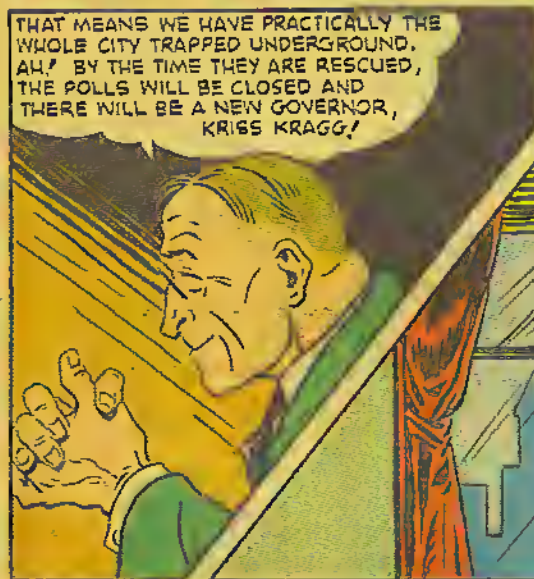


GOOD NEWS, EVERYONE!
YOU CAN COME OUT NOW
AND GO ON WITH YOUR
VOTING. THE RAID
WAS A FAKE!

HOORAY!
IT'S THE
FLAG!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT, KRAAG'S
MEN HURL THEIR BOMBS.....







AFTER
SUPER-
HUMAN
EFFORTS
THE
FLAG
FINALLY
BREAKS
THROUGH
TO THE
SURFACE.

OH, THANKS,
MR. FLAG,
FOR FREEING
US!



WORKING
FAST AND
FURIOUSLY,
THE FLAG
SOON HAS
ALL THE
GAS VICTIMS
OUT IN
THE OPEN.

WELL, THEY'RE BEGINNING TO
COME TO NOW - GUESS
I CAN
LEAVE.

THERE IS ONLY
ONE PERSON THAT
CAN SAVE US -
THE FLAG!
OH, IF HE
WOULD ONLY
COME!

BETTER PRAY
FOR SOMETHING
ELSE, LADY.
THAT GUY'S
JUST A MYTH.
WE'RE
DOOMED!

WHEN THE
FLAG LEAPS TO-
WARD AN UNDER-
GROUND WATER MAIN!

BUT IN THE NEXT STATION, ALONG THE LINE ...

FIRE!

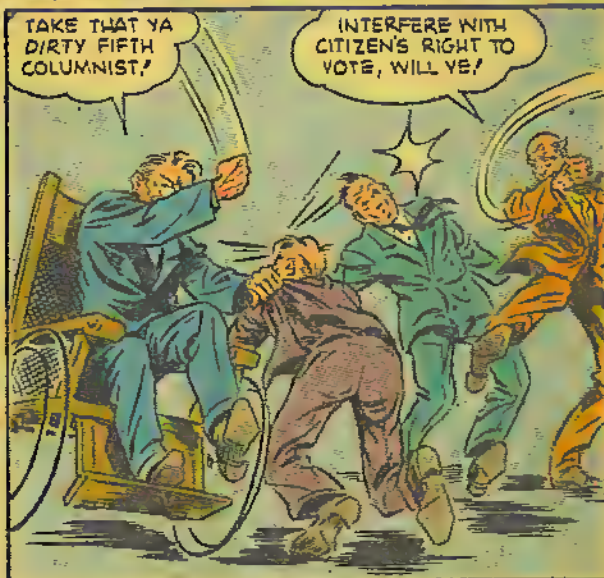
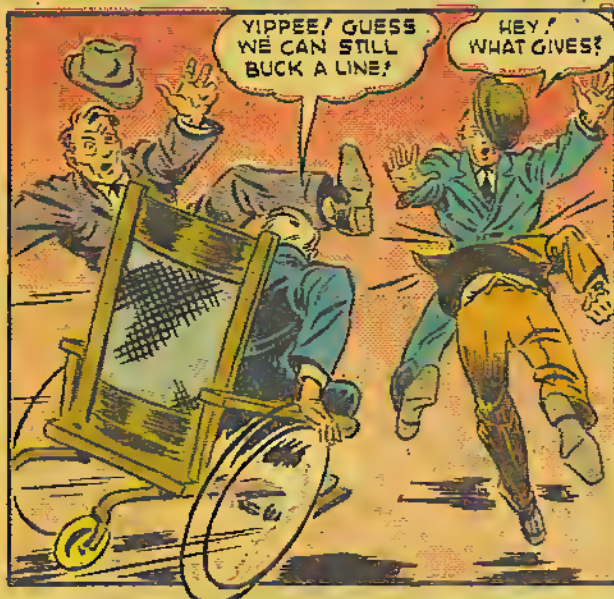
WE'LL ALL
BE BURNED TO
DEATH!
WE'RE
TRAPPED!

A MYTH, IS HE!
WE'RE SAVED!

HOORAY
FOR THE
FLAG!

THAT
SHE
BLOWS!





THE CALL REACHES THE FLAG.
HE FEELS THE IMPULSE AS
HIS BIRTHMARK GLOWS.

I'LL HAVE TO LEAVE
YOU PEOPLE. I'M
NEEDED ELSEWHERE!



NOW LET'S
FINISH OFF THIS
OLD PHONEY!



YOU'RE JUST IN TIME
JIM - ER - MR. FLAG!
I HAVE A LOT TO
TELL YOU.

WELL, CONSNRN ME!
THE FLAG - YOU
REALLY EXIST!



FLAG-
AND
OLD
GLORY
EX-
CHANGE
STORIES,
THEN...

I SEE THE WHOLE
THING, NOW. KRAGG
IS KEEPING THE VOTERS
AWAY FROM THE POLLS
SO HIS MEN CAN MAKE
A MAJORITY. WE'LL
FIX THAT!

I
HOPE
YOU
CAN,
SON!



THANK GOODNESS
I WAS ABLE TO FREE
EVERYONE FROM THOSE
SUBWAY TRAPS. NOW
IF THIS WILL ONLY
WORK...



WE CAN'T LET
THAT TRAITOR GET
INTO OFFICE! ME
FOR THE POLLS!

OH! I'D
FORGOT ALL
ABOUT VOTING
IN THE EX-
CITEMENT!

ALL OVER THE CITY A GRAND RUSH FOR THE POLLS IS STARTED.

POLLS



EVEN THOSE HURT IN THE FAKE AIR RAID DISASTERS, DRAG THEMSELVES TO THE VOTING PLACES.

DON'T YOU THINK YOU'D BETTER GET TO A HOSPITAL FIRST!

NO, SIREE! EVERY VOTE MAY BE NEEDED TO BEAT KRAGG!

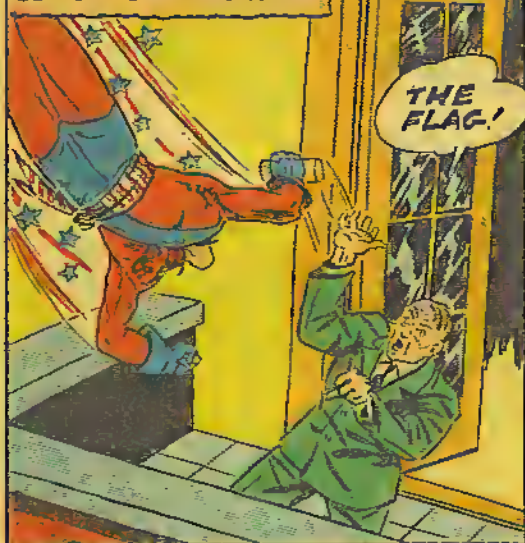


MEANWHILE, KRISS KRAGG, CRAZY WITH HATE AND DISAPPOINTMENT—

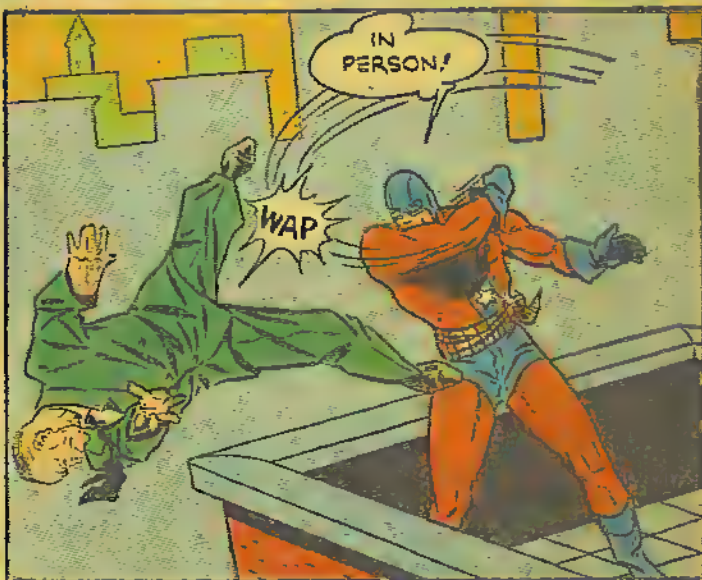
ALL MY PLANS RUINED! I'LL KILL THE PATRIOTIC FOOLS! KILL THEM! KILL THEM!



BUT OUT OF THE SKY...



THE FLAG!



IN PERSON!

WAP



AS THE POLLS CLOSE.

WELL YOU OLD GOAT AT LEAST WE KNOW NOW THAT WHOEVER WINS NOW WILL BE THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE!

AMEN!



THE FLAG BATTLES IN BEHALF OF AMERICA AND DEMOCRACY AGAIN IN THE NEXT ISSUE. DON'T MISS IT!

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER



SOMEDAY IT MIGHT HAPPEN!
SOMEDAY AMERICA MIGHT BE IN-
VADED! BUT WHEN THE CAUSE OF
FREEDOM AND DEMOCRACY IS THREAT-
ENED THEN, FROM OUT OF THE BLUE
SKY, SHALL COME THE UNKNOWN
SOLDIER -- DAUNTLESS AMERICAN
CHAMPION OF ALL WHO FIGHT
UNDER THE STARS AND
STRIPES--FROM THE SMALL-
EST CHILD TO THE BRAVEST
DOUGHBOY! WHO IS HE?
NOBODY KNOWS! WHERE HE
CAME FROM? NOBODY KNOWS!
HE IS JUST.....
THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

DANNY MORGAN, WATCHING A PARADE IS BROKEN HEARTED. CRIPPLED SINCE BIRTH HE THINKS HE CAN NEVER HELP HIS COUNTRY (I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO FIGHT FOR MY COUNTRY, SIS.)



DANNY DARLING, DON'T FEEL BADLY. YOU ARE DOING YOUR SHARE BY RUNNING AN ELEVATOR IN THE NETWORK BUILDING AND SUPPORTING MOM!

WELL, I GOTTA GET TO WORK AND STAY COOPED IN AN ELEVATOR ALL DAY WHEN I SHOULD BE FIGHTING!



THEY MIGHT NOT LET ME IN THE ARMY BUT, BELIEVE ME, IF WE WERE INVADED I'D FIND A WAY TO FIGHT! THERE'S POP WEBER.



POP WEBER A WOUNDED VETERAN IS A GOOD FRIEND OF DANNY'S.

HELLO POP, IF A WAR COMES WE WON'T BE MUCH GOOD!



YOU CAN SERVE YOUR COUNTRY JUST AS WELL RUNNING AN ELEVATOR AS PILOTING A PLANE.



WHO IS HE?

I DUNNO, SON-- JUST SEEMS TO BE A NICE GUY WHO ALWAYS HAS A KIND WORD FOR WOUNDED VETERANS.



WELL, HE MAY BE RIGHT-- BUT I'D RATHER BE SHOOTING A GUN. S'LONG POP, SEE IF YOU CAN SEE ME ON THE NETWORK BUILDING WITH YOUR TELESCOPE!

OK... AND TELL THE STARS THAT POP WAS WILLIN' TO GIVE HIS LIFE IN THE LAST WAR AND HE'LL DO THE SAME IN WARS TO COME!



THESE TWO "LITTLE PEOPLE" OF AMERICA DON'T REALIZE HOW CLOSE THEY ARE TO THEIR DREAMS!

THE NAZIS' HEADQUARTERS IN NEW YORK--DER FEUHRER'S FIST IS RAISED TO STRIKE AT AMERICA!

I THINK WE ARE READY FOR CONQUEST OF MANHATTAN ISLE--KEY CITY OF UNITED STATES.

RECITE WHAT YOUR DUTIES ARE.

I HEAD THE AUTO-SUICIDE SQUAD. ON FRIDAY AT 8 O'CLOCK CARS LOADED WITH EXPLOSIVES WILL BE ON EVERY BRIDGE LEADING INTO MANHATTAN--AND BLOW THEM UP!

MY MEN WILL STORM THE CITY ARMORIES, AND SEIZE THEIR GUNS TO EQUIP OUR BUND ARMY!



I SHALL HAVE 1,000 BUND MEMBERS POSE AS "SPECTATORS" AT LA GUARDIA AIRPORT. UND AT 8 O'CLOCK WE SEIZE DER SHIPS AND EQUIP THEM WITH MACHINE GUNS AND BOMBS.

MY STAFF AND I WILL DIRECT OPERATIONS FROM THE NETWORK BUILDING. OUR AIR-FLEET AND TRANS-

DANNY IS ON DUTY IN HIS ELEVATOR IN THE NETWORK BUILDING.

IT SAYS HERE THAT WHENEVER AMERICA IS IN TROUBLE THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER APPEARS!

PORTS WITH SOLDIERS WILL LAND AT THE BATTERY!

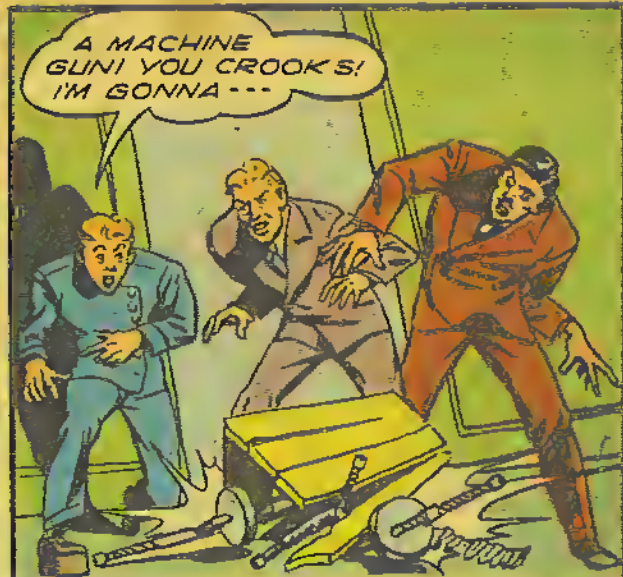


TO DER TOP FLOOR PLEASE-- IF YOLI HAF TIME!

YAH! UNDER HITLER-- YOU DONT READ DOT VAY! YOLI BET!

THESE ARE THE GUYS THAT RENTED THE WHOLE TOP FLOOR! I DONT LIKE THEIR LOOKS!





YOU ARE LUCKY, MINE
FRIEND! IN VUN HOUR
YOU CAN SEE THE
CITY OF NEW YORK
FALL INTO THE
HANDS OF HITLER!



JIMINY! THIS IS AWFUL
--IN ONE HOUR THE
NAZI'S STRIKE AND
I CAN'T DO ANY-
THING-- OH, BOY
I CAN-- POP WEBER



WILL BE
LOOKING
UP HERE
WITH HIS
TELE-
SCOPE.

IF ONLY THE
UNKNOWN SOLDIER
WERE HERE!



AS IF IN ANSWER, TO DANNY'S
PRAYER--FROM THE DEPTHS
BEYOND COMES A FIGURE
IN KHAKI... WHILE BELOW...
POP...



... SEES DANNY'S
MESSAGE!



EITHER THAT
KID'S CRAZY--
OR HE'S GOT
SOMETHING!

DANNY, THINKING NO
ONE CAN HELP HIM
DECIDES ON AN
HEROIC ESCAPE...

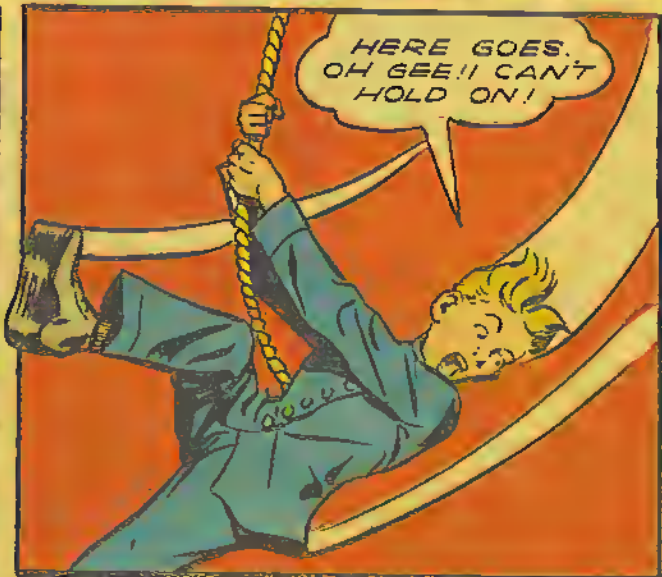


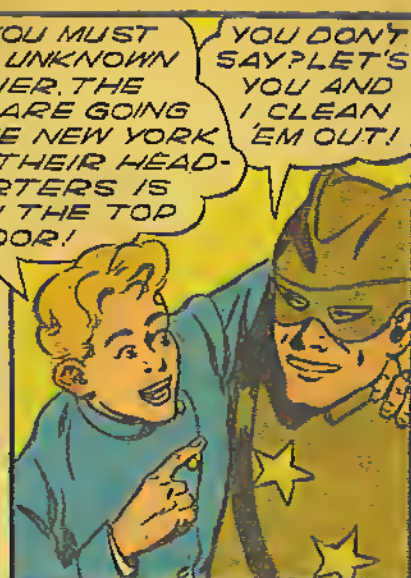
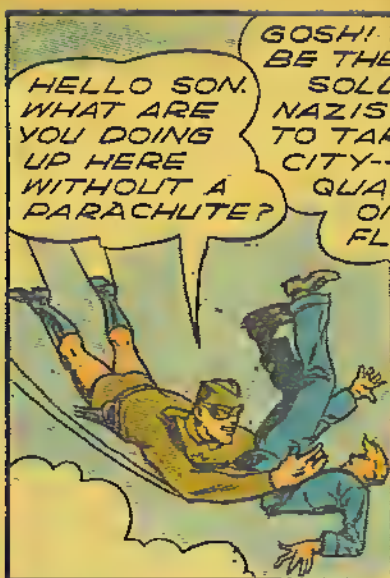
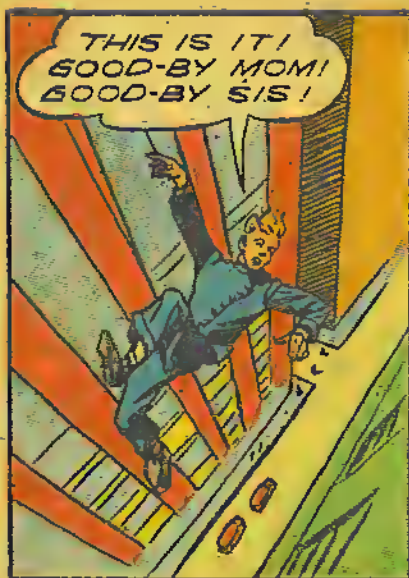
DANNY CATCHES THE ROPE ON
A WINDOW CLEANER'S SAFETY HOOK.

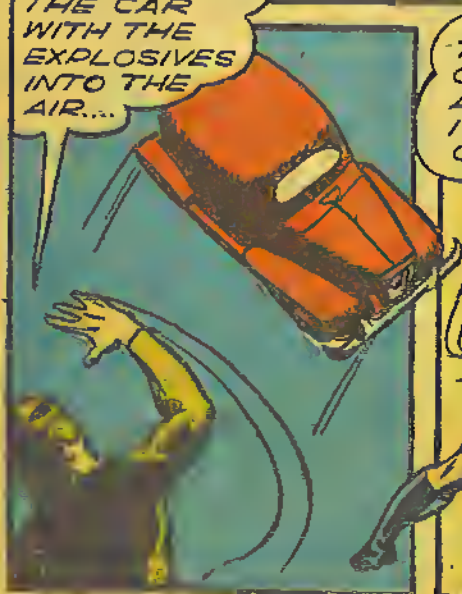
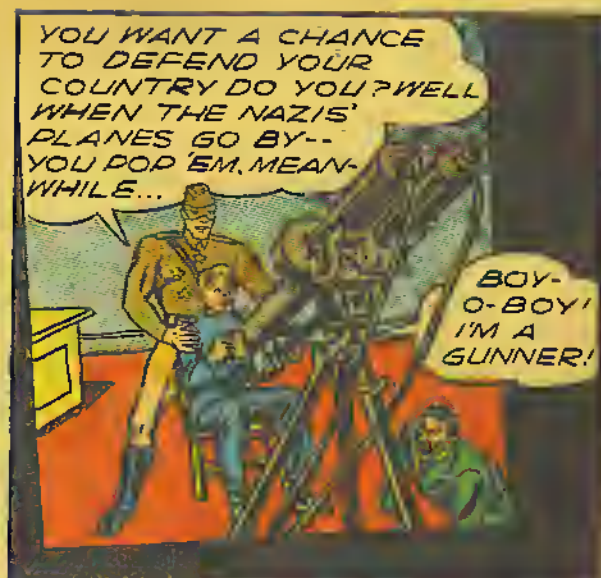
BOY I'M
SCARED BUT I
GOTTA DO IT--

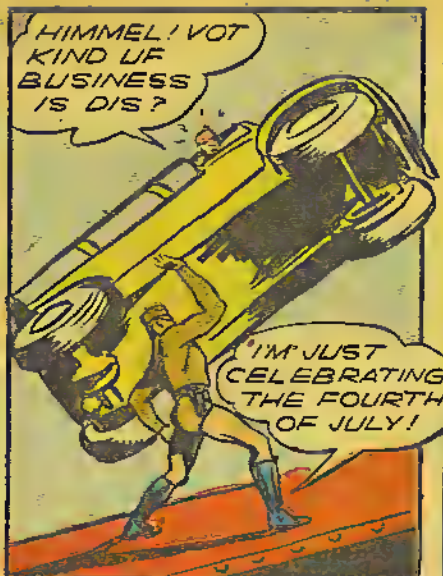


HERE GOES.
OH GEE! I CAN'T
HOLD ON!

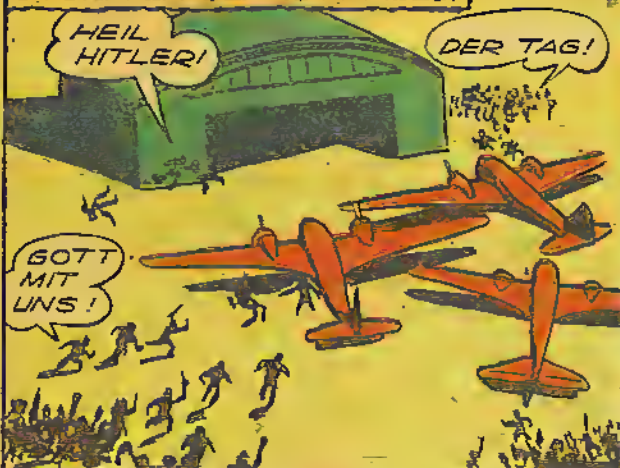








WHILE THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER SAVES NEW YORK'S BRIDGES, BUND MEMBERS, POSING AS INNOCENT "SPECTATORS," STORM LA GUARDIA FIELD.



WITH DIABOLICAL THOROUGHNESS THE NAZIS ARM THE CAPTURED PLANES WITH GUNS AND BOMBS CONCEALED IN THEIR PARKED CARS.



FIRST I'LL GET OUT
WHERE I'LL HAVE
PLENTY OF SPACE TO
WORK IN AND THEN...



...WHIRL TO CREATE
CENTRIFUGAL
FORCE!



THE TERRIFIC SPIN-
NING CREATES A
POWERFUL VACUUM
THAT DEVELOPS INTO
A TORNADO!

BOY THIS THING
IS GOING TO HAVE
A KICK LIKE A
MILLION MULES!



NOW TO SIC THIS
BABY ON THOSE SUBS
AND TRANSPORTS.



HEY! VOT'S
DOT THING
COMING
TOWARD
US?

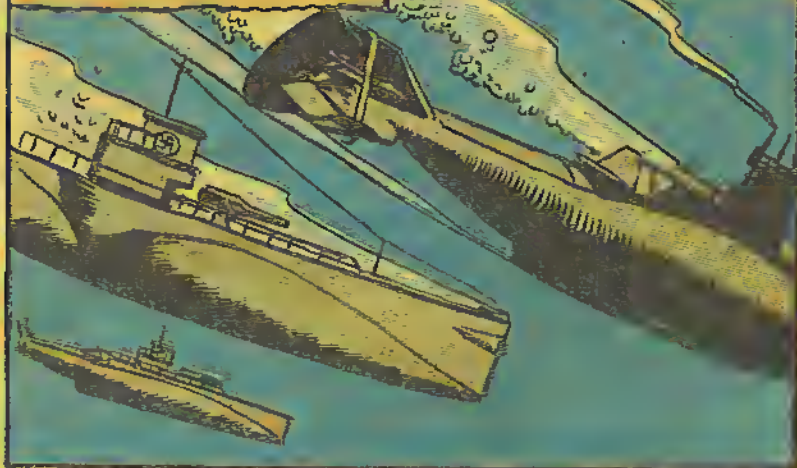
HIMMEL--
A TWISTER!
IT VILL
SPOIL DER
INVASION!



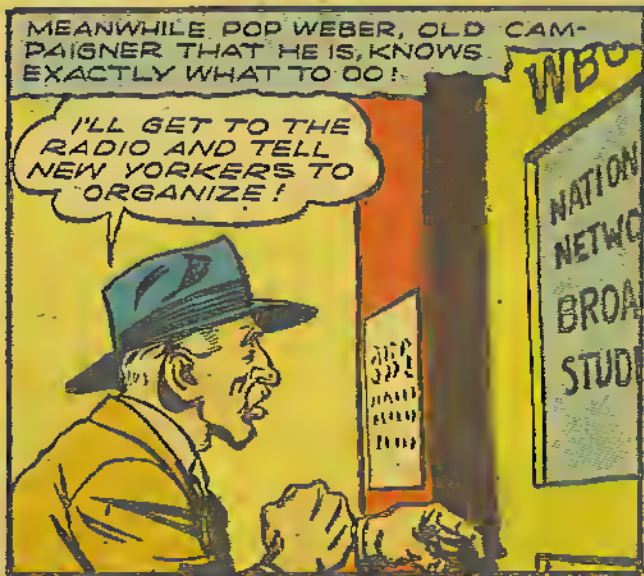
THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER'S
TWISTER MAKES SHORT
WORK OF THE
TRANSPORT
TROOPS... BUT...



...THE GIANT NAZI SUBMARINES, LOADED WITH
TANKS, SUBMERGE AND ESCAPE THE TWISTER...
UNSEEN THEY HEAD IN TOWARD BATTERY
PARK... AND THERE



....HURL A DEADLY TANK DIVISION INTO THE FRAY!



FELLOW CITIZENS--WE ARE BEING INVADED--BUT WE'LL LICK 'EM! EVERY MAN GO TO CENTRAL PARK TO ORGANIZE! WE CAN'T LOSE...THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER IS WITH US!



GET AWAY FROM DOT RADIO!

TRY AND MAKE ME!

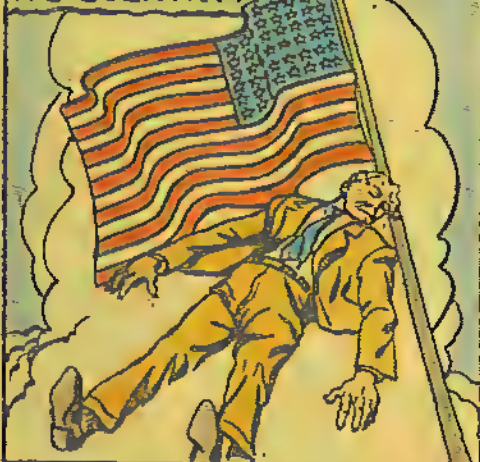


DOT'S VOT SMART ALEC'S GET!

YOU'RE TOO LATE. HEINIE! I'VE ALREADY DONE MY BIT!



POP WEBER'S WISH HAS COME TRUE--HE HAS GIVEN HIS LIFE FOR HIS COUNTRY!



THE AIRLINERS CAPTURED AT LA GUARDIA FIELD AND EQUIPPED BY THE NAZIS WITH MACHINE GUNS AND BOMBS STREAM OVER THE CITY.

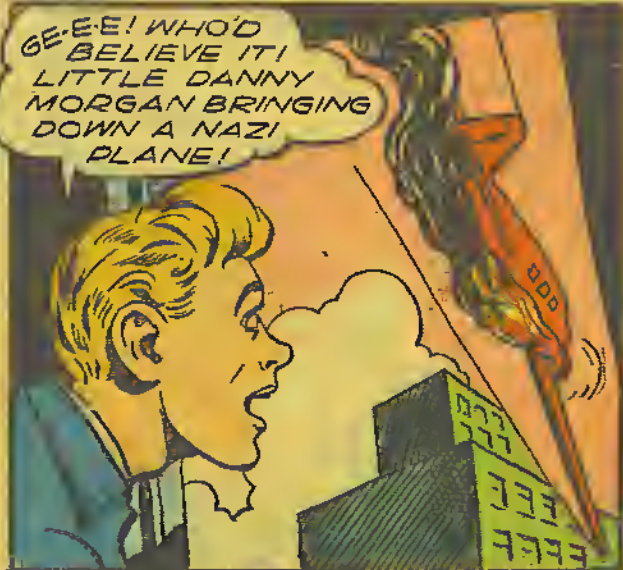


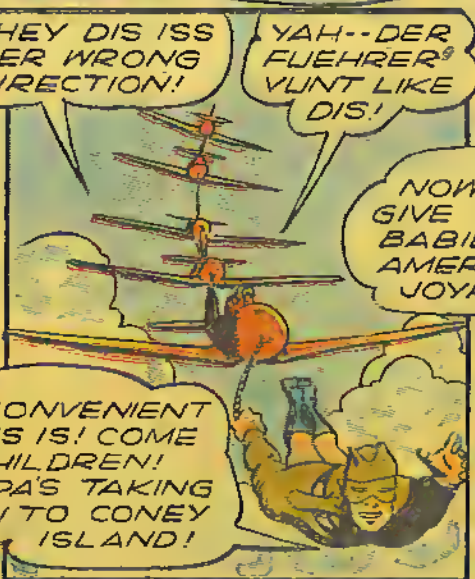
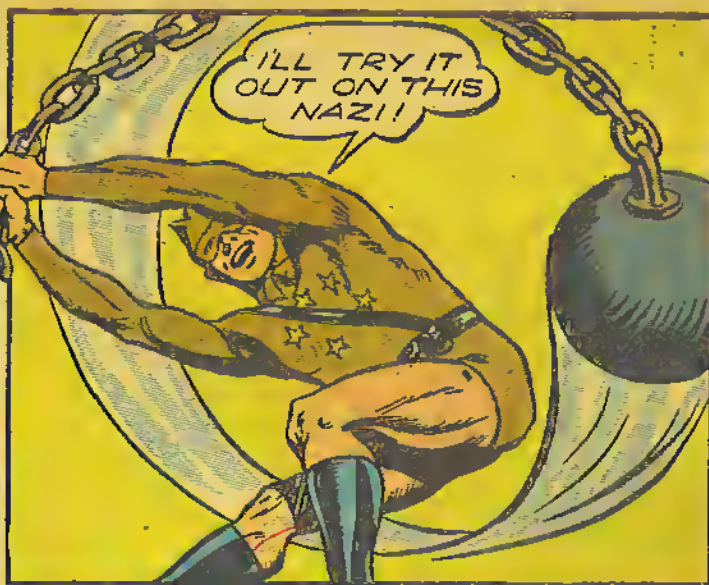
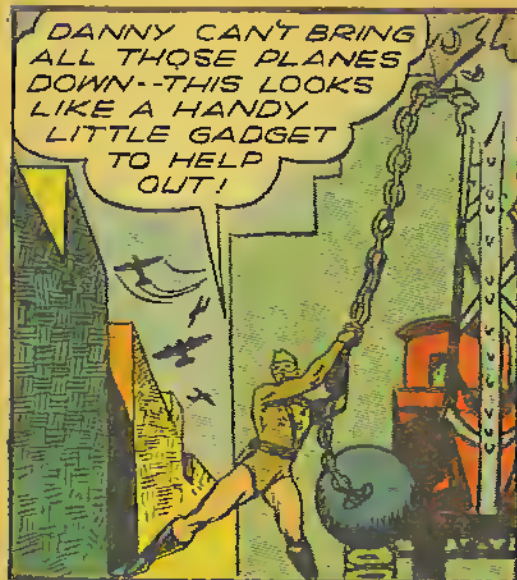
CREEPERS. THEY'RE AMERICAN PLANES BUT THEY ARE FIRING ON THE CITY! THEY MUST BE NAZIS! I'M GONNA GIVE 'EM THE WORKS!

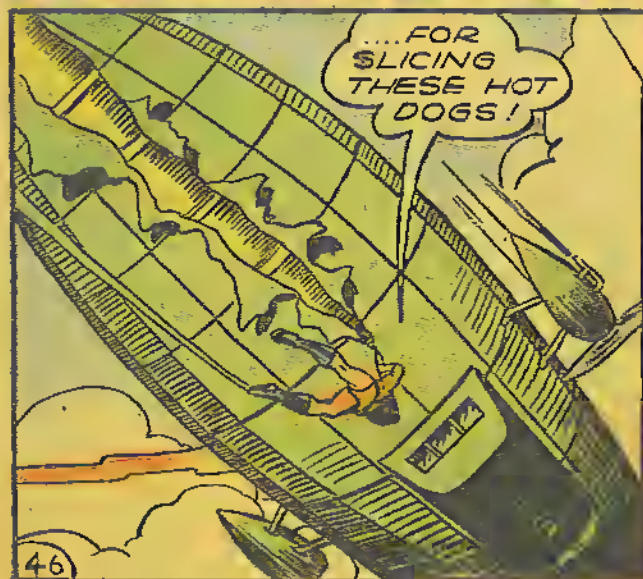
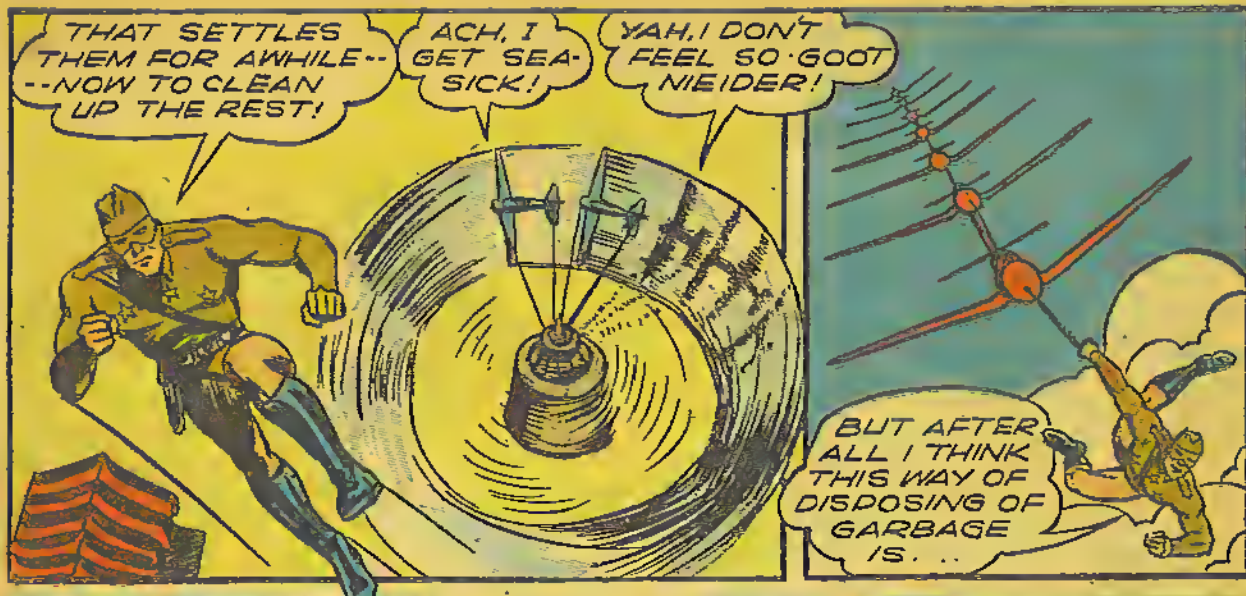
DANNY GETS HIS WISH--A CHANCE TO FIRE A GUN IN DEFENSE OF HIS COUNTRY!

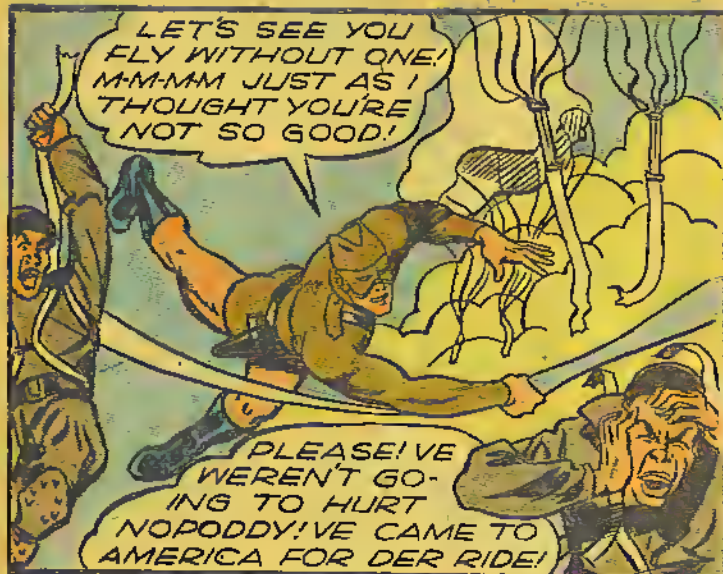


GE-E-E! WHO'D BELIEVE IT! LITTLE DANNY MORGAN BRINGING DOWN A NAZI PLANE!

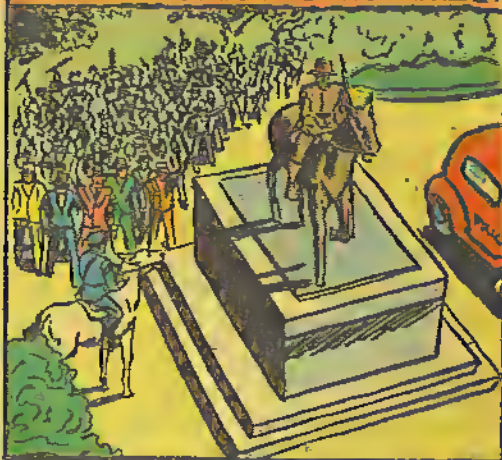








MEANWHILE HEEDING POP WEBER'S MESSAGE, THE NEW YORKERS FLOCK TO CENTRAL PARK TO ORGANIZE!



IT LOOKS LIKE AN HONEST FIGHT... BUT... NO...



THE NAZIS BRING OUT THEIR CRUELEST WEAPON-- FLAME THROWERS!



NO HUMAN COULD STAND UP AGAINST THE BLISTERING TONGUES OF FIRE!



OF ALL THE ROTTEN TRICKS-- USING FLAMES!

HEY! DOT'S NOT FAIR! OUCH! DOT BURNS!

KAMERA!



HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR OWN MEDICINE, HEINIES?

I THINK THESE ARE EVEN TOO CRUEL TO USE ON NAZIS. I'LL CHUCK 'EM AWAY! NOW LET'S SEE A FAIR FIGHT!



NOW ON EVEN TERMS. THE NEW YORKERS TURN ON THE NAZIS WITH THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER LEADING THEM INTO THE FRAY.



ACH! NOW WE STICK DER AMERICAN PIG!

JA! HE HAS CAUSED US ENOUGH TROUBLE!



MORE TROUBLE, EH? BETTER LET ME TRY!

VASS ISS?



SEE! IT WORKS BETTER THIS WAY!



LOOK, THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!

THAT'S WHAT THEY THINK!

STOD THEM!



FROM A WINDOW HIGH IN THE BUILDING THE NAZIS RAIN GAS BOMBS ON THE CROWD BELOW.

GOT TO PUT A STOP TO THIS!

HELP I'M CHOKING!

AAAAGH!



THIS IS THE PAY-OFF! I'M GONNA START A BLITZKRIEG OF MY OWN!



AN AMERICAN CAN
STAND JUST SO
MUCH FROM THESE
NAZIS...AND THEN...



...HE GETS A
LITTLE SORE!



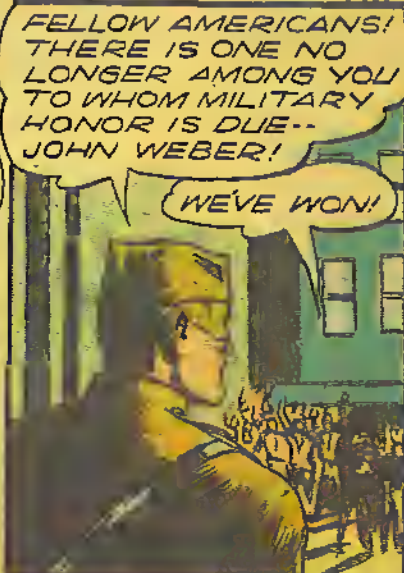
TERRIFIED THE NAZIS STREAM OUT OF
THE BUILDING.

BE JABBERS--THIS IS
AN IRISH HOLIDAY FOR
A FACT! YE CANT BEAT
THE SHILLALAH
FOR CLOSE
QUARTERS!

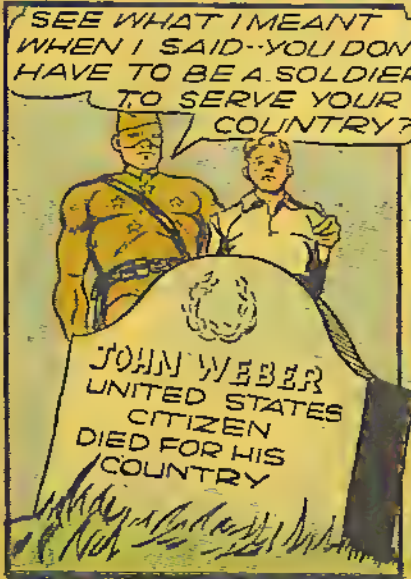


FELLOW AMERICANS!
THERE IS ONE NO
LONGER AMONG YOU
TO WHOM MILITARY
HONOR IS DUE--
JOHN WEBER!

WE'VE WON!



SEE WHAT I MEANT
WHEN I SAID--YOU DON'T
HAVE TO BE A SOLDIER
TO SERVE YOUR
COUNTRY?



GOODBY! THERE
HE GOES!
WHATTA
HELL BE
MAN! BACK WHEN
AMERICA
NEEDS HIM!



YES HE'LL BE BACK!
THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER
WILL ALWAYS BE ON
HAND WHEN AMERICA
NEEDS HIM!



Murder in the Ice House

By Ralph Powers

IN HIS basement workshop, "Blackie" Lord wrapped the shoe box with clean paper. It would not be in keeping with his life's station to be seen carrying a humble shoe box from his swanky home in Flatbush.

Blackie's custom limousine carried him over the bridge into the produce section. He parked on Hudson Street and walked to a block where platforms stuck out, avid tongues protruding from hungry buildings, fed by endless lines of trucks. Here pedestrian traffic was impossible.

Blackie Lord was right at home. His morning cigar stuck into his jaw alongside shut teeth, bulging out like a grave mound. He wasted no time on his usual customers, but went directly to a narrow building bearing the sign: *Jacob Feenell, Commission Merchant, Beef, Lamb, Veal.*

The platform steps were worn and hollow under Blackie's sure heel. The flooring of the runway was splintered, sprinkled with dirty sawdust. On one side was a large scale, on the other a cubbyhole office. To the rear was a big door with a massive brass catch, leading to the cold-room.

A redhead sat in a soiled, green smock, bending over ledgers in the glassed-in office. Behind her hung a hat and coat and a pink dress. She looked up as Blackie entered and her hand shook a black drop off the wet pen.

The roar of the busy street buffeted them. Blackie motioned with his head and she followed him into the cold-room. The door slammed and everything was quiet.

Blackie led her to the rear of the long room, behind a huge rack of beebes. Frost-encased pipes surrounded them. The girl shivered in her thin smock, while her alippers dug into mounds of wet sawdust swept carelessly into this corner.

Blackie faced her with crackling tongue. "I told you before, Mary Feenell, just because you're two spoons in a tray with the Assistant D. A., that don't make you an exception. You kick in with the rest."

Mary's lip curled. She tried to keep her teeth from chattering. She held her feet tight together and wrapped her smooth, round arms around her soiled green smock and faced Blackie Lord bravely—Blackie Lord, terror of the produce district.

"You said that before, Blackie. You tried to make me ditch Roy Stark and ride in that fancy, floating rat-trap you call a custom car. I wouldn't. You tried to make me kick in, the way my father did before he died—and I wouldn't. Roy says I don't have to and—"

BLACKIE tightened his cheek around the cigar. He put out a hand and grabbed her arm; she struggled to keep his fingers off her body. "That's your final word, huh?" he demanded.

"Yes, Blackie." She twisted slowly out of his grasp. "The trouble with the merchants in this district, they're all shivering when you show around. Well, here's one that's not. You can go to hell, Blackie."

"It don't look to me like you'll have much of a business, the way you're going. What about your men? Where are they?"

Mary Feenell bit her lip. "They—they didn't show up this morning. I don't know what—"

Blackie Lord looked wise. "Maybe they were hired away by some other outfit. Maybe they got tired working for a dumb doll like you."

Understanding flashed in her eyes. "You?" she gasped. "You made them leave me. You—" she

choked; tears started. She winked them back bravely.

Blackie shrugged. "Oh, nothing rough. I just fixed it to get them a job with a better outfit, is all."

"Roy'll hear about this," she threw at him through set lips.

He smiled enigmatically, fumbling to open his shoe box. "That's what you think."

She saw something in his eyes then. She started to back away, feet scuffing the damp sawdust. Blackie Lord grabbed her and his hands touched her body, made her flesh crawl. He shook the lid off the box, lifted out a gun from the shallow space underneath. There was another compartment below the gun, covered by cardboard.

Mary screamed. Blackie grinned. "You yell all you want. These walls are cork, ten inches thick."

She stood trembling, holding her smock tight, as if that mattered now. Her face as white as the frosting on the pipes rising in the corner behind them.

Blackie reached over and turned on a small pet-cock in one of the frosted risers. A stream of sub-freezing brine squirted into the sawdust. He held the muzzle of the gun under the stream of brine until the barrel was full.

"I ain't had to pull any rough stuff on this street in a long time. I had the boys educated to kick in. But you came along and stirred 'em up with a lot of citizen talk and now I got trouble. Well, kid, it's all going to stop now."

She screamed again. She swayed. He reached quickly but she fell to the floor. Particles of sawdust clung to her hair. Her smock sagged free of her knee. Her round arm, outflung, felt the stinging spray of the splashing brine, but it did not revive her.

He knelt and felt her soft warmth. She was pretty, lying like that. He muttered: "Damn'd trouble maker. Burning guys up in the district with curves and crazy ideas. Lay off women, Blackie."

He lifted her head a little, held it sideways and forced the gun muzzle between her teeth. A little brine spilled but not enough to make any difference. He pulled the trigger quickly and there was a muffled report. He dropped her head in the sawdust and replaced the gun in the shoe box.

He hurried back to the parking lot, reaching it without meeting anyone who knew him . . .

IT WAS after midnight and Blackie Lord was in the kitchen of his Flatbush home, raiding the electric refrigerator. He was wearing a silk dressing gown and laughing loudly at the story he had just told.

A blonde perched on an enamel table, chewing a turkey leg and swinging a pair of Broadway gams. Her cheeks were bulging with meat and her lips were smeared with grease.

Gee, Blackie that was a good one, I near choked." She slid off the table and went to the sink. She drank thirstily of the cold tap water, then spat, making a face. "Say what is this? A dose of salts? You call this stuff drinking water?"

Blackie shrugged. "Flatbush water. Everybody in Brooklyn knows about Flatbush water. It tastes like hell but it's okay. If you don't like it, drink wine."

"I like gin better," she said, getting back on the table.

"It is very funny how women go for guys like you," said a voice in the doorway.

Blackie spun around, automatically pawing, from long habit, for a gun which was no longer in his armpit. He swore as his elbow cracked against the

heavy, refrigerator door.

The intruder smiled grimly, though there were traces of recent grief deep in his eyes. "You don't carry it any more, Blackie. Remember? Since the racket buster came to town, you been living in Flatbush just like a respectable business man. Not using a rod. Very smart."

Blackie recovered himself. "Stark, I don't like people barging in on me." He reached over and grabbed the turkey leg from the blonde and pitched it savagely into the refrigerator.

"Hey, what's the idea?" clamored the blonde. "Just because in comes a fool breeze from the D. A.'s office is no reason to get sore at me."

"Shut up," ripped out Blackie. "If you don't like it here, scram."

The blonde snapped erect, smoothed her dress over her hips. Then her eyes softened. "You're upset, Blackie. I'll stay."

Anger and venom contorted Blackie's face. His jaw jutted blazingly at the Assistant D. A. "Crack it, Stark. I'm clean—and busy."

"Beats me how you can get away with throwing your women around. I'm ready to believe you killed Mary Feenell more because she wouldn't join your team than because she wouldn't kick in."

"Back that up," snarled Blackie viciously. "I ain't playing with you, Stark. Back that crack up."

Stark straightened, tautened visibly. "Okay, Blackie. You got her men to leave and go to work for Harrison Grimes. You caught her alone in the cold-room and shot her with a gun filled with brine to muffle sound."

Blackie went over and pushed up the wide sleeve of the blonde's dress. He bent over and examined a spot on her arm. "Hell," he said, "I never noticed that mole before. Kinda nice."

The blonde snickered eyeing Stark whose jaws clamped tight. "How to make monkeys out of lawmen in one easy lesson."

He patted her back, then turned to Stark. "Kid, like I say, you're young. Got a lot to learn. Me, I only have one gun, with permit to match. It is down in the cellar. Come look it over."

He led the way down to a huge room fitted out as a lab and also a metal workshop. The blonde tailed along.

Blackie took a gun from a drawer in a big workbench and handed it to Stark. It was a .38 revolver. Stark sniffled it, lips pursed.

There was a strange gleam in Blackie's eye as he said: "You can fire a shot into that bag of shavings in the corner. I suppose you brought the ballistics photo of the murder slug?"

Stark shook his head. Blackie shot the blonde a sidelong glance of satisfaction, as if he had been expecting that answer.

"You didn't bring the photo?"

Stark looked uncomfortable.

"Why not? Don't tell me you didn't find any slug?"

Stark eyed Blackie sharply. "Why'd you say that?" he demanded.

Blackie shrugged. "Just like that."

"You mean you expected we wouldn't find a bullet? The bullet that killed Mary?"

Blackie grinned openly. "Be yourself, Stark. Finding killers and pinning murders on 'em is your job."

"Yeah," said Stark slowly, putting peculiar emphasis on the words. "It's my job. That's why I'm arresting you, Blackie Lord, for the murder of Mary Feenell."

BLACKIE fell back a step, brow darkening. "Listen, you dope, how long you think my good nature'll hold out with you clowning like this? You haven't got a picture, you haven't even got a slug. You got nothing on me and you're talking crazy. Get out of here, Stark."

"Ever make slugs, Blackie?" asked Stark, casually.

Blackie's lips tightened a hair, but not enough for Stark to notice. Blackie turned and walked over to the blonde and pinched her arm gently.

He said: "It kind of takes my mind off the D. A.'s questions."

She giggled. "I ain't seen a show this good since Moran and Mack and Ray Dooly."

It was loud enough for Stark to hear. He got red.

Blackie went to another drawer and pulled out a small mould. It was lying alongside a can marked: *So₂ Compressor Lubricant*. "Out here in the wilds of Flatbush," he explained, "I got to amuse myself, so now and then I make slugs. Ammunition is high. So what?"

He held out the mould, blowing dust off it, into Stark's face. Stark let go a whale of a sneeze and the blonde howled with laughter.

Stark blew his nose. "Blackie, I've got you set to bounce into the chair."

Blackie's grin got half-hearted. "Clowning is clowning. You're overdoing it, Stark."

"You're the one's been clowning, Blackie. You and this girl friend of yours. You clowned yourself right into a murder rap!"

"What the hell're you driving at?" ground out Blackie, steaming.

"You had a damned clever murder stunt all worked out to perfection and then you slipped up. You forgot to shut off the petcock in the brine pipe."

Blackie's jaw darkened. His mouth worked. He said nothing.

"You went away, leaving the brine running from that petcock. It soaked quickly into the sawdust, already partially soaked from brine drippings. It was cold in that room, Blackie. Colder than you realized. The beeves were partially frozen on the racks when we got there. Why?"

"Because Mary didn't know how to set the thermostats properly and her men weren't there. The brine in the pipes was not only sub-freezing, it was sub-zero. At such low temperatures, the ice-slug you fired from your gun didn't melt. It went out the back of Mary's neck and lodged in the sawdust, soaked with sub-zero brine. It stayed frozen."

"We analyzed that slug as soon as it melted, Blackie. There isn't a chemist in New York could be mistaken about it, Blackie. It was Flatbush water."

Blackie's lip curled. He cast a quick glance at the blonde. She had been edging closer, as Stark spoke.

"Everything was perfect, otherwise," Stark went on. "You loaded this gun with ice slugs you made with this mould, in your refrigerator, using steel wool to prevent the ice from shattering on impact. You oiled the gun with compressor oil, capable of preventing action fouling at very low temperatures."

"You carried the frozen gun packed in dry ice. You were smart enough to use brine in the muzzle instead of water, as you know water would freeze in the barrel and jam it. Very clever, Blackie. But not clever enough."

"Listen, wise guy," said Blackie, his voice a little hoarse. "There's a thousand people in Flatbush using this kind of water. You can't pin it on me that way."

Stark pulled a pair of bracelets from his pocket. "You forget, Blackie, that a gun barrel will make rifling marks on ice the same as on lead. I forget to tell you we photographed that ice slug before it melted."

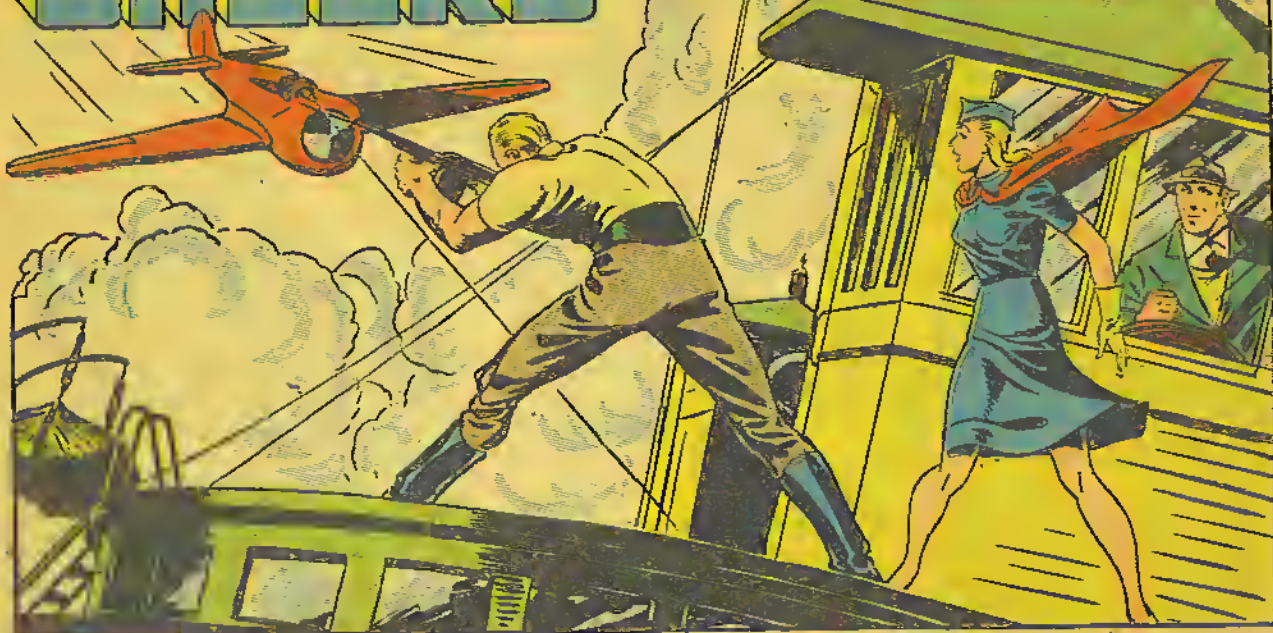
Blackie dived, caught the blonde around the middle and sent her flying at Stark. She bumped into him and the bracelets bounced on the floor.

Blackie was halfway to the stairs. Stark didn't waste any time being polite to the blonde. She was winding him into a knot with her arms and legs. He drew up his knee and let her have it in the stomach. She folded, groaning, while he unlimbered his gun and picked off Blackie in the calf as Blackie made the fourth step.

Blackie came rolling back into his workshop. Stark stood over him.

"I promised Mary where she lay half-frozen in that dirty sawdust that I'd make you pay, Blackie," he said softly. "And I'm going to do it."

THE THREE CHEERS



THE THREE CHEERS DISCUSS THEIR FUTURE.

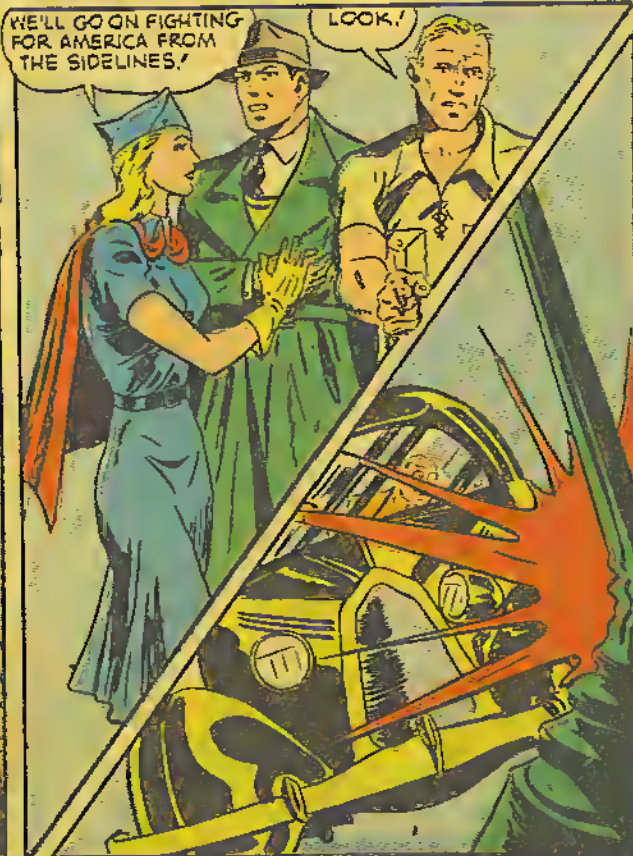
WITH MALKO, THE NAZI SPY THAT FRAMED US OUT OF THE SERVICE, GONE, HOW ARE WE GOING TO PROVE OUR INNOCENCE, SIE?

YEAH, IT LOOKS TOUGH FOR US.

BOOM! BART! REMEMBER - OUR FIRST THOUGHTS ARE FOR AMERICA IN THIS EMERGENCY!

WE'LL GO ON FIGHTING FOR AMERICA FROM THE SIDELINES!

LOOK!



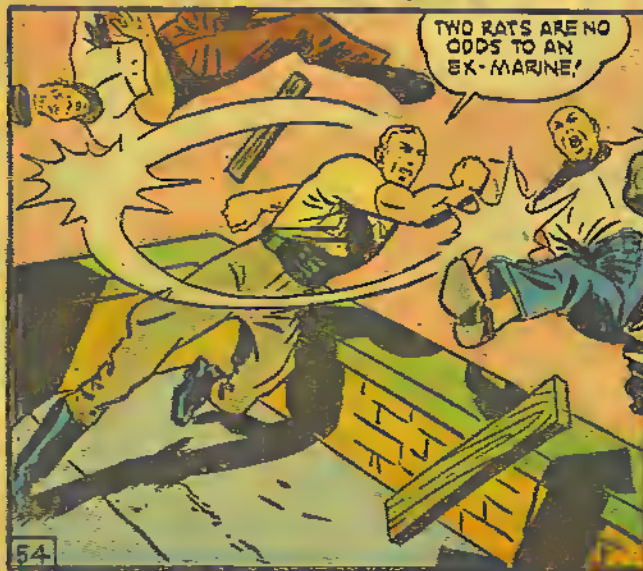
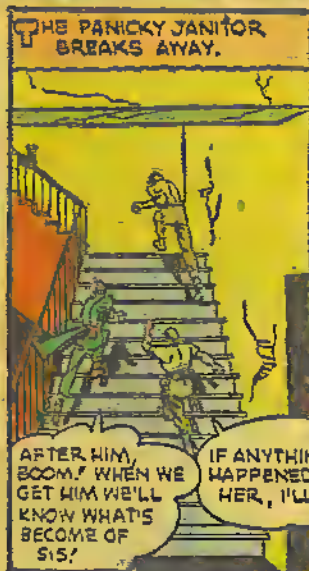
I HOPE NO ONE WAS HURT!

IF THEY WERE, THEY'LL BE IN GOOD HANDS WITH AN EX-ARMY NURSE!

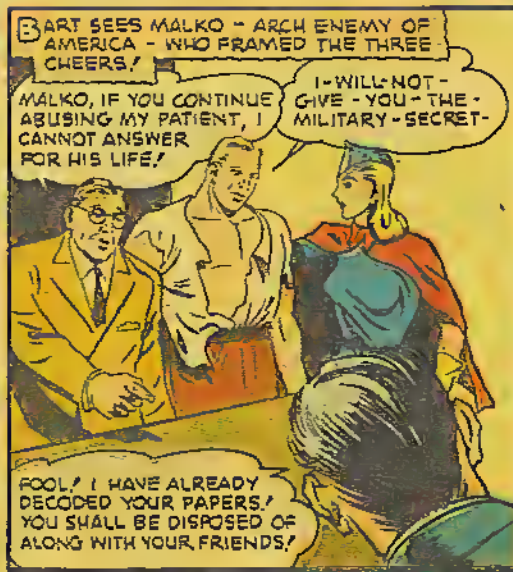


LET'S GO!











THAT'S WHY WE WERE
BLINDFOLDED AT HIS
FAKE ADDRESS AND
THEN LED HERE,
WHERE THE REAL
EMERGENCY WAS!

OF COURSE!
WE CAN ONLY
BE TRACED
UP TO THE
OTHER
ADDRESS!

PRECISELY! AND
NOW THAT THE
THREE CHEERS ARE
IN MY POWER
AGAIN, I'M GOING
TO USE YOU AS
INSTRUMENTS OF
DESTRUCTION
AGAINST YOUR
OWN COUNTRY!



IF I GET MY HANDS
ON YOU I'LL RID
AMERICA OF SUCH
VERMIN - OH!

TAKE THIS
YOU FOOL!



SHOOTING A
DEFENSELESS MAN!
MURDERER! -
OH! -

I'LL TEACH
YOU TO SHOW
YOUR FOOL
YANKEE HERO-
ISM TO ME!

OH!



FOOL YANKEE HEROISM
WILL DRIVE YOU AND YOUR
KIND INTO THE
OCEAN!

NOT BEFORE
I ADD YOU TO THE
HEROES ON
THE FLOOR WITH
A BULLET!



MALKO!!
REMEMBER
ME?

YOU'VE HAD YOUR DAY, YOU
COLD BLOODED KILLER!

GUARDS!
GUARDS!
HELP!



ONE
SIDE,
SMALL
FRY!

WE'RE
COMING
FOR YOU,
MALKO!



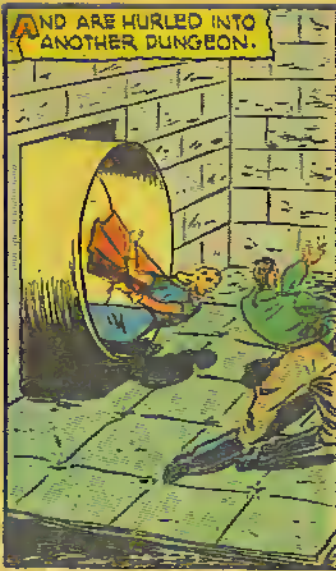
I HAVE A
SURPRISE
FOR YOU!

THEY ARE PLUNGED
THROUGH A PARTI-
TION OF THE FLOOR,
OPENING UNDER THEM.

YOU TOO,
SISTER!



THEY FALL THROUGH -



AND ARE HURLED INTO ANOTHER DUNGEON.



BOY! WHAT A HAYRIDE THAT WAS! GUESS MALKO IS SAVING US FOR SOME-THING SPECIAL!

WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS. DID THAT MAN TELL YOU ANYTHING BEFORE HE WAS SHOT SIS?

ALL I KNOW IS THAT HE WAS IN POSSESSION OF A MILITARY SECRET!



SUDDENLY THEIR DOOR OPENS.

HERE'S YOUR FRIEND. STILL CLINGING TO LIFE. SEE IF YOU CAN LEARN ANYTHING FROM HIM. HA, HA!



THE POOR MAN'S DYING. HE'S TOO WEAK TO ANSWER US.

AND HE KNOWS EVERY-THING. IF THERE WERE ONLY SOME WAY OF COMMUNICATING WITH HIM!



BART DRUMS HIS FINGERS AGAINST THE FLOOR HELPLESSLY.

IF HE COULD ONLY TALK!



THE TAPPING FINGERS REACH THE DYING MAN!



LISTEN! HE'S TAPPING OUT THE MORSE CODE!

TAP - TAP - TAP -

HE'S GIVING US A MESSAGE!



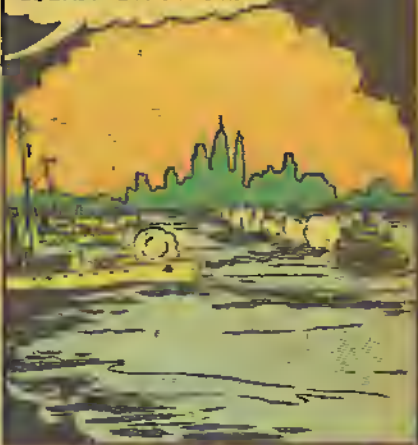
I HAVE BROKEN THE HULL OF THIS FERRY BOAT IN THREE PLACES AND IT WILL SINK TO THE BOTTOM BY THE TIME THE U.S. SUBMARINE FLEET ENTERS THE HARBOR. IT MIGHT ALSO AMUSE YOU TO KNOW THAT THIS BOAT IS A GIGANTIC DEPTH CHARGE WHICH I SHALL EXPLODE BY REMOTE CONTROL AT THE RIGHT MOMENT!



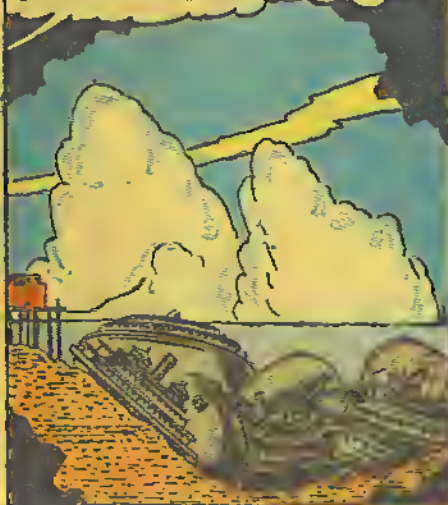
THIS EXPLOSION WILL NOT ONLY DESTROY THE SUBMARINES BUT WILL BE A SIGNAL TO MY MEN IN FERRIES ALL AROUND THE HARBOR WHO WILL...



PROCEED TO FORM A LINE ACROSS THE NARROWEST PART OF THE HARBOR AND FIRE UPON THE DESTROYER FLEET. IT WILL FIRE UPON THEM AND OF COURSE SINK THEM.



THE SUNKEN FERRIES ARE FILLED WITH CEMENT. THEY WILL HOPELESSLY BLOCK THE HARBOR.



UPON WORD FROM ME, GIANT U-BOATS WAITING OFF LONG ISLAND WILL SPEED TO A VANTAGE POINT JUST OUTSIDE THE BARRICADE OF SUNKEN FERRIES AND METHODICALLY TORPEDO THE TRAPPED DESTROYERS.



I'LL DIRECT EVERYTHING FROM A FAKE NEWSREEL PLANE OVERHEAD. I SHALL DROP A WREATH ON THE SPOT WHERE YOU SINK. GOODBYE!



AND DON'T TRY ANY FUNNY STUFF. I'M STAYIN' WID YOUSE UNTIL JUST BEFORE THE BIG BLOW-OFF. HA HA!



AS BART SIGNALS TO SIS, SHE KNOWS IT IS TIME TO BRING HER AMAZING GIFT OF VENTRILOQUISM INTO USE



SUDDENLY THE GANGSTER HEARS MALKO'S ANGRY VOICE.
EXAMINE THEIR BONDS, FOOL! DON'T CHATTER!



WHAT'S A MATTER WID YOU, BUDDY, YA FAINTED ER, SOMETHIN'?



THANKS FOR ASKING, YOU RAT!

YOU SURE FOOLED HIM WITH YOUR VENTRILOQUISM, SIS; MAKING HIM THINK IT WAS MALKO TALKING

LOOK! BOOMS FREE ALREADY!

TO AN EX-ESCAPE ARTIST THIS STUFF IS EASY!



THE FIRST THING IS TO PLUG-UP THE HOLES THEY'VE MADE IN THE HULL OF THIS BOAT AS MUCH AS WE CAN!



THANKS FOR THE TOMMY GUN, PAL.



MALKO, IN THE FAKE NEWSREEL PLANE SIGHTS BOOM FREE WITH THE TOMMY-GUN.

HIMMEL! THE THREE CHEERS ARE FREE AGAIN! I'LL BLOW THEM OUT OF THE WATER!





JUST AS MALKO HAS BOOM
CENTERED IN HIS SIGHTS...



BOOM KNOCKS HIS MACHINE
GUN OUT OF COMMISSION.



MACHINE GUN - WON'T
FIRE ANYMORE -!

YOU DID IT,
BOOM. MALKO'S
FLYING AWAY!

BUT HE'LL BE BACK! WE'VE
GOT TO NOTIFY THE FLEET
COMMANDER WHAT'S
HAPPENED.



WHILE YOU WERE
ARGUING WITH
MALKO I DID A
RUSH JOB ON PLUG-
GING THE LEAKS IN
OUR HULL - SHE OUGHT
TO FLOAT FOR A WHILE
NOW.

A LITTLE WHILE LATER, ON
THE COMMANDER'S FLAG
SHIP.

WE'RE GETTING A
STRANGE SORT OF
EMERGENCY SIGNAL
FROM A FERRY,
SIR.

GET THE
ENTIRE MESSAGE,
SIGNALMAN.



THAT'S A PRETTY GOOD
IDEA, USING A CLOAK
TO SEMAPHORE THE
FLEET COMMANDER,
BART.

DON'T
FORGET
IT'S MY
CLOAK!

SH--
YOU'RE
MIXING
UP MY
MESSAGE.



AFTER BART SENDS HIS STORY
THE FLEET COMMANDER ACTS
QUICKLY.

MEN! BOARD EVERY
FERRY AROUND THE HARBOR
AND STEER IT SEAWARD BE-
FORE ITS CREWS
CAN SCUTTLE
IT!

AYE,
AYE,
SIR!



THE FERRIES ARE SPEEDILY BOARDED, AND THEIR CREWS TAKEN OFF -



AND THEY ARE DRIVEN OUT OF THE HARBOR.



MEANWHILE, MALKO HAS FLOWN TO THE COMMANDING U-BOAT.

WE WILL KEEP SUBMERGED. GO TO N.Y. HARBOR AND TORPEDO EVERY FERRY IN SIGHT!

JA, HERR MALKO! I WILL GIVE DER COMMAND TO DER REST OF DER U-BOATS.



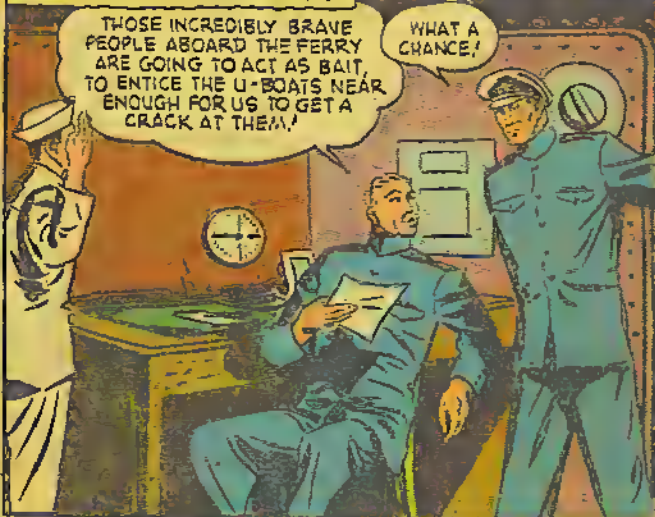
WHILE THE U-BOATS NEAR THE HARBOR...



THE FLEET COMMANDER HAS JUST RECEIVED ANOTHER MESSAGE FROM THE CHEERS.

THOSE INCREDIBLY BRAVE PEOPLE ABOARD THE FERRY ARE GOING TO ACT AS BAIT TO ENTICE THE U-BOATS NEAR ENOUGH FOR US TO GET A CRACK AT THEM!

WHAT A CHANCE!



IN THE ENGINE ROOM OF THE FERRY.

BART! WHY DID YOU CHANGE THE DEPTH CHARGE FROM TIME TO GO OFF ON CONTACT?

TO TRAP MALKO! SINCE THIS GADGET WORKS BY REMOTE CONTROL HE WILL KNOW OF THIS CHANGE AND HE COULDN'T RESIST THE OPPORTUNITY TO BLOW US TO SMITHEREENS. HE'LL AIM A TORPEDO AT US, AND -

AND WHAT?

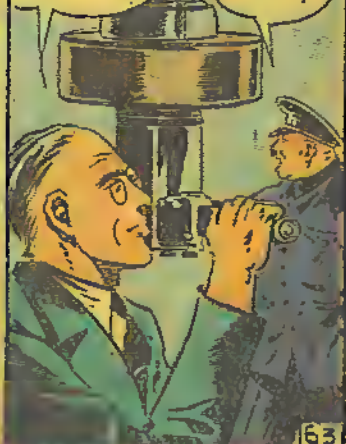


WELL, THE FLEET HAS TO SINK MALKO BEFORE HE FIRES AT US OR -



THE FERRY WILL EXPLODE ON CONTACT! COMMENCE FIRING!

YANHO! NUMBER ONE TORPEDO CREW!



JUST THEN ON A DE-STROYER.

THE U-BOAT HAS JUST BEEN LOCATED OFF THE STERN, FIRE!

THE U-BOAT SQUADRON IS ANNIHILATED BY THE DEPTH CHARGES!

OIL COMING UP FROM BELOW! WE'VE GOT THEM ALL! NOW SEND FOR THOSE BRAVE PEOPLE ON THE FERRY.

WE'RE TOO LATE! LOOK, SIR! THE FERRY IS GOING UNDER!

GOOD WORK, BOYS! WE GOT THE LIFE BOAT DOWN IN THE NICK OF TIME!

AND MALKO, THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD EXONERATE US, HAS GONE TO THE BOTTOM TOO—BLASTED WITH HIS U-BOATS!

BY THE WAY, CHILDREN, I MANAGED TO GET THE CAP OFF THE MAIN DETONATOR AT THE LAST MINUTE. SHE WON'T BOTHER ANYONE NOW!

THANK GOD THEY ESCAPED! SEND THEM THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE FLEET COMMANDER AND THIS MESSAGE...

THE FLEET COMMANDER WANTS TO SEE US, AND HE EVEN SENDS US HIS COMPLIMENTS!

NO, BOOM. WE HAVE TO KEEP ON FIGHTING FOR AMERICA FROM THE SIDELINES UNTIL THERE'S SOME WAY OF EXONERATING OURSELVES!

AND THEY SIGN OFF COMPLIMENTS OF THE THREE CHEERS!

WELL, I'LL BE—!!

SHE'S RIGHT, BOOM. THAT'S WHAT I'LL SIGNAL.

ANOTHER EXCITING ADVENTURE OF THE THREE CHEERS APPEARS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF OUR FLAG!